The SPHERE
Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1675 FEB. 27, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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"ROSE"

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"ROSALIE"

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12/11

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"ROSEMARIE"

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THE SPHERE

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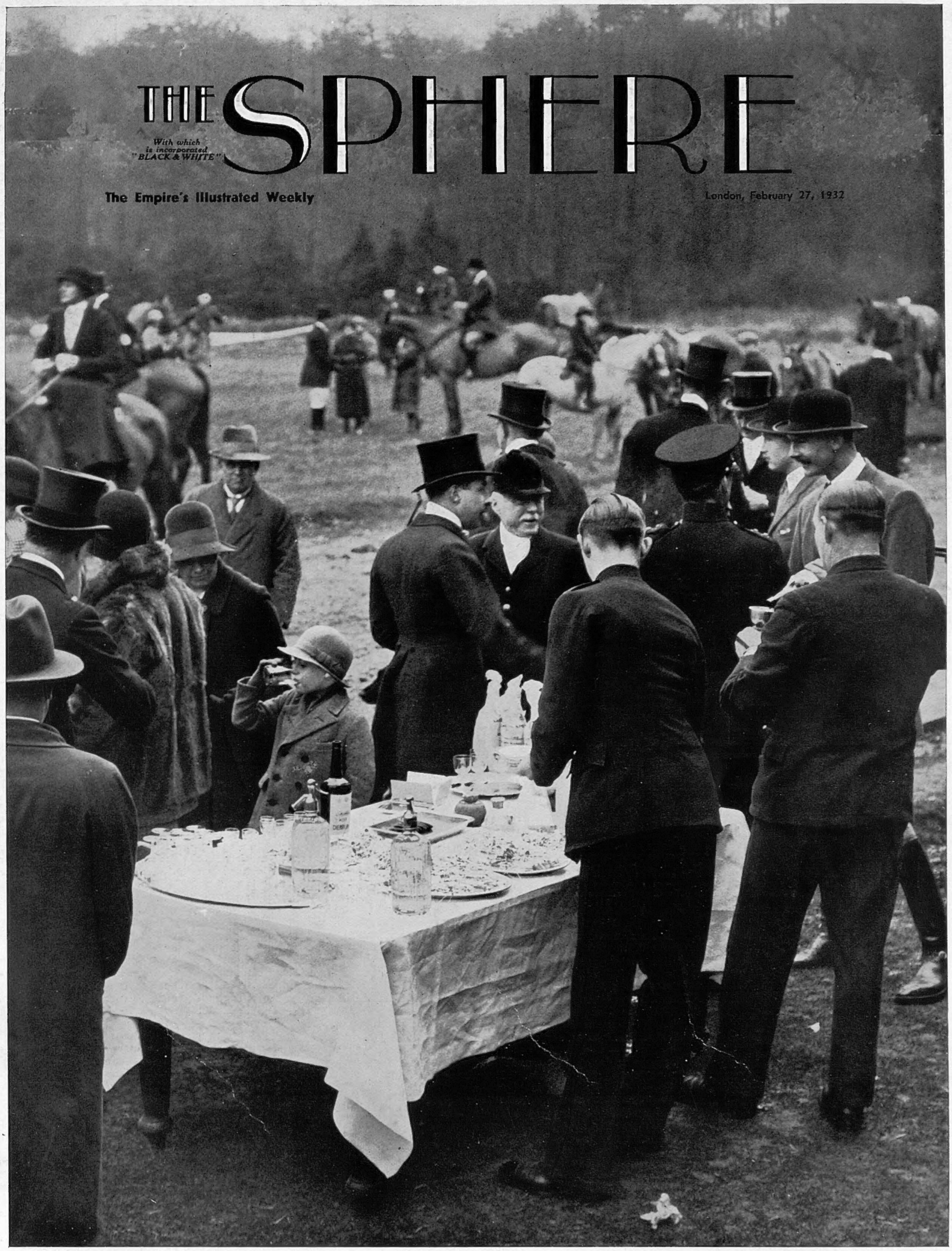
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, February 27, 1932



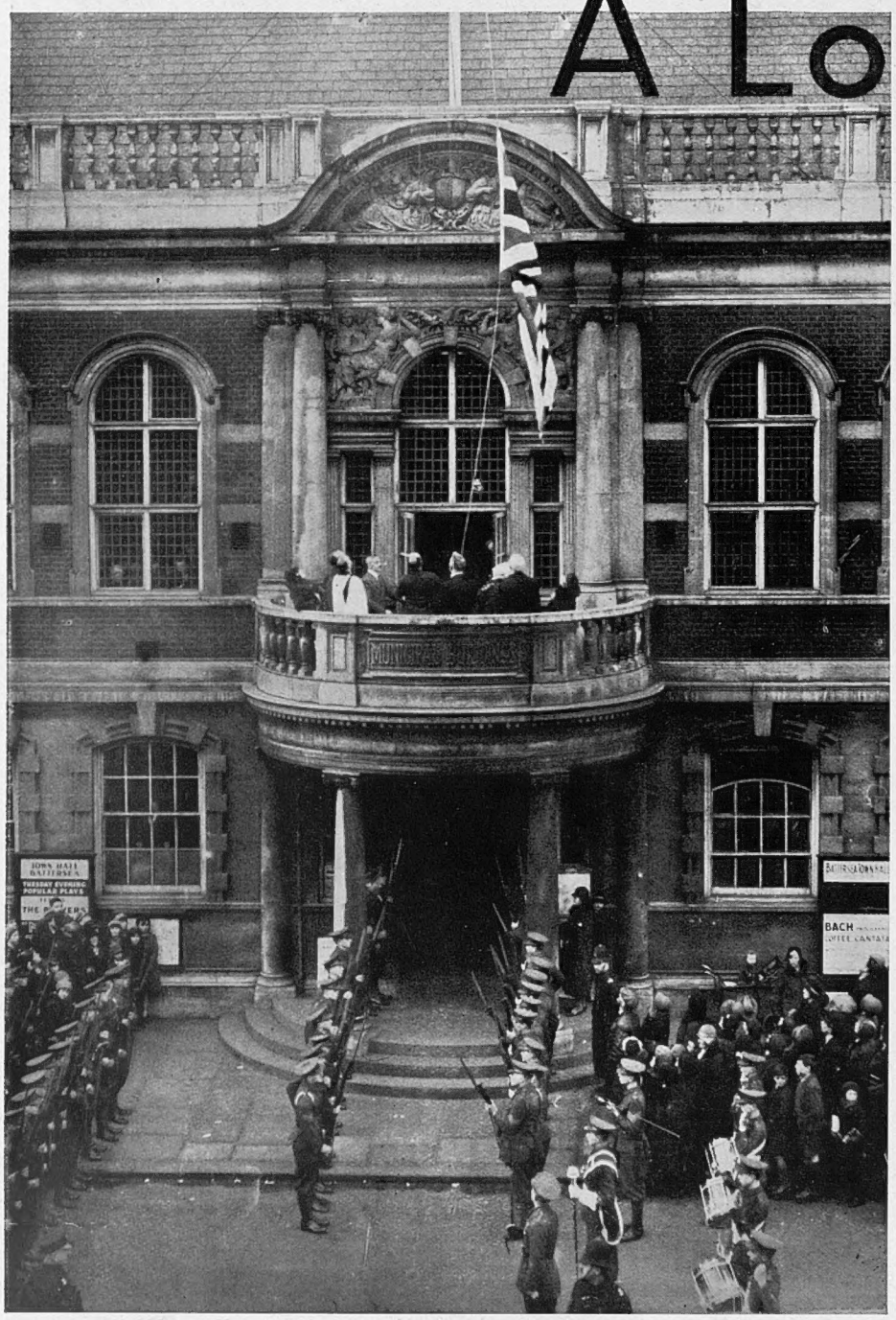
THE STIRRUP-CUP AT A NOTABLE HUNT BREAKFAST

The Coldstream Guards Entertain the Essex Union Hunt at Warley Barracks

The officers of the 1st Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, who are leaving England for Khartoum next month, recently invited the Essex Union to a hunt breakfast at Warley Barracks. Orderlies of the regiment are seen above serving refreshments to members of the hunt and their friends, among whom, on right, is Mr. Ernest Heatley, the Master. The very Bright and very Young People are always well represented at such gatherings, which recall the entertainments of a more spacious and gracious age, and one youngster is seen pledging the departing soldiers in a stiff lemonade, while his elders discuss hunting port, cherry brandy, or whisky and soda

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



BATTERSEA FLIES THE UNION JACK: For the first time since 1919, the Union Jack has floated officially from the Battersea Town Hall. Earl Howe, who, as Viscount Curzon, sat as M.P. for South Battersea, performed the ceremony of unfurling. Patriotic dwellers in Battersea have from time to time scaled the flag-pole and removed the Red Flag substituting the Jack. Battersea Socialism is now defunct both parliamentarily and locally speaking

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, February 24, 1932.

THE FAR EAST.—The Far Eastern situation has been too tense and too uncertain to write about. It is too ticklish a question to spill uninformed ink upon it. The whole country is now alive to its gravity. The League's warning to Japan introduced new factors. Japan was already chafing at her loss of prestige by failure to sweep the Chinese forces instantly from the Shanghai area. The League's warning staked the prestige of the League against the wounded pride of Japan. A warning which carries no effective sanctions is merely humiliating for the party who gives it. The only effective sanctions in this case are blockade or other show of force, and trade boycott. The consequences to this country of the adoption of either of these measures are too serious to need elaboration. Yet on the League Council itself there are many representatives who would not be slow to call the bluff of the bigger Powers. China has naturally rejected the Japanese ultimatum as intolerable. The hopes of civilization hang by a hair.

THE MADNESS OF THE WORLD.—And so the unbelievable is happening before the eyes of the world. All the latest terrors of warfare, which at Geneva are being painted in words and imaginative phrases, are being tried out at Shanghai. We must not, of course, magnify the affair at present. It is an affair of divisions yet awhile, not of armies. And so long as the most knowing wiseacre scratches his head to find a reason for this choice of Shanghai as a battle ground, to find Japan's motive for risking bringing the hornet's nest of civilization about her ears, it is reasonable for us to suppose that the battle for Chapei is simply a "diversion," to distract inquisitive eyes from more important and far-reaching political happenings in, say, Manchuria. No one doubts that Japan has the age-old itch for battle, the vital need for expansion and colonization. Everybody knows that she regards Manchuria as the inexorable solution. And this knowledge somehow seeks to minimize the significance of Shanghai; to range it as an episode, an extremely ill-judged episode, but nothing more than a planned diversion. On the other hand, it is a diversion which may prove far from diverting for Japan. For one thing, while the nations have been scouting the mad idea of another "major conflict in our time," China and Japan must for years have been silently and remorselessly preparing for the inevitable war. The man-power of China is inexhaustible, her legions have been trained in war and are led by German and Russian, and even American officers. Attempts have been made to improve the chaotic state of her organization. The Japanese may utterly destroy Chinese army after army and still find China's resources in man-power inexhaustible, and China as far as ever from capitulation so long as she can secure munitions.

. . . .

As if this instance of national madness were not enough, Ireland, too, has thought fit to commit *hara-kiri*. Ireland has dropped the pilot in a dangerous channel of shoals and rocks. The one man whom Ireland has produced in our time, with the rare courage wedded to the still rarer political vision which alone can produce a successful leader in critical times, is kicked contemptuously from his place, and the field is left clear once more for visionaries, tub-thumpers, demagogues, and feckless dreamers. The distressful country can thank herself if all her old distresses return.

REFORM THE LORDS.—It is by no means certain that the next Government will not be a Socialist Government. The natural reaction with which we are now familiar in politics, apathy, and that damnable sense of security which was in evidence in South Croydon may well bring this change about in five years. If the next Government should be Socialist it will be Socialist with the buttons off. The Socialists have shed their buttons, Messrs. MacDonald, Thomas, and the rest, and though their foils are sheathed those foils are pointed henceforth. The next Socialist Government will be on Communist lines. Therefore, if the National Government fails within the next two years or so to place an effective barrier between insanity and squandermania in the Commons on the one side and the Statute Book on the other, it will deserve the curses of sane Englishmen. Never was House of Lords reform so necessary as to-day; never was the occasion so favourable for a rebuilding on a fair and popular basis. The Premier is pledged to deal with the Second Chamber drastically, Mr. Baldwin is committed to it, the Liberals cannot evade the issue. There are half a dozen concrete proposals on the shelf; a happy blending of them is not impossible. There is a chance to-day for a great lawyer-politician to write his name in history. A majority opinion in this country is now definitely in favour of the establishment of a smaller and, within limits, rigidly effective second chamber, a senate that is something more than a revising chamber, capable of initiating as well as blocking legislation, a live and rationalized House composed of the best brains available in industry, finance, law, administration, agriculture, and the wider field of Imperial affairs.

. . . .

Clearly the hereditary principle, as we know it, must go. On the other hand the whole body of peers form an admirable school of candidates from whose ranks a half or a third of the House could be chosen by merit, and whether those chosen sit for life or for a term is a matter of trivial importance. An hereditary aristocracy is long since a dead letter in this country; the shifts and devices whereby a Socialist voice in the Upper House has been secured have already reduced the institution to absurdity. The time for reconstruction is *now*.

FRENCH CABINETS.—There will be four French governments in ten weeks. This is not a record, but it is not a usual phenomenon now assured by the defeat of M. Laval on a Senate vote last week. Five weeks ago a Cabinet in being resigned and another took its place. Last week it resigned. A third is now in the making. Its life must end in a month (if not before) because of the general election. A fourth will take its place. Average life of French Cabinet, eighteen days. What a chance for a constructive policy, what a help in the permanent settlement of the problems of Europe on a broad and firm basis! God send our own National Government will take a hint of the dangers of provincialism in politics to-day. Civilization totters, the ship is foundering, and in France all hands are at the pump—the village pump.

"SHORTT" BUT SWEET.—In its 1931 report, the Board of Film Censors has made a discovery. It has "observed a tendency." Films are becoming more daring. Films are inclining more and more to feature lust, undress, and sex appeal, and to bring marriage into contempt. The havoc wrought by films on the youth of this country (in a word) has struck, like a sudden blinding and totally unexpected flash, Mr. Shortt and his associates. The tendency which Mr. Shortt has discovered is "much to be deplored." And emboldened by this admirable phrase, Mr. Shortt goes further. He darkly hints at "action to check this tendency" to be taken at some unspecified period in the distant future. Meanwhile the youth of this country, thanks to the films, continues to take two steps back on the road to uplift and taste and good sense for every step forward which the Board of Education and the ratepayers' millions can push it. To say that the youth of to-day is thrice as dam silly and soppy and sex inquisitive as its fathers and grandfathers is not to say a mouthful, thanks entirely to the films passed by Mr. Shortt and at last discovered to have "exhibited a tendency." Thanks to the films, by the way, the British Empire is disintegrating through the total loss of respect in the minds of primitive peoples for the character and morality of the ruling race.

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.—The S.O.S. sent out last week by Lord Crawford and Mr. Evan Charteris on behalf of the National Portrait Gallery contained a sound suggestion which should bring new hope to struggling artists. The N.P.G. naturally desires to receive and display works of merit, but oil paintings are not the only vehicle of artistic merit. Indeed a higher percentage of portraits in oil are disasters and white elephants than of crayon or pencil drawings. You can live longer with a border line pencil drawing than with a border line oil. The N.P.G. has got to keep up to date, not so much with art as with notable British men and women. Its space is limited. It would welcome drawings of notable men as gifts. Drawings are at once cheaper and safer than oils and more convenient. Here a new avenue of hope opens for artists. May I refer back to the past? I have before me as I write a "preliminary number of a new paper." In 1890 *The Graphic* had been in existence for twenty years. On January 4, 1890, it decided to launch out in "an entirely new venture," a *daily* illustrated newspaper, to wit *The Daily Graphic*. In its preliminary number it addressed the world as follows: "*The Graphic* has now been in existence for twenty years. Its career has been remarkably successful. This success is greatly due to the fact that it has been fortunate enough to number on its staff artists whose names and works are familiar as household words; such as Luke Fildes, Herkomer, Woods, Elizabeth Thompson, Caldecott, and many others. . . ."

. . . .

To prove the value of an illustrated daily, the dummy number of 1890 then re-tells the story of the battle of Waterloo as if described by eye-witnesses and illustrated by eye-witness artists. It goes so far as to prophesy, as follows: "The day has not yet arrived when our special artist at the seat of war can make a sketch which will be reproduced fac-simile by telegraph in our London office in the twinkling of an eye, but we may be within measurable distance of such a feat of electricity." As it proved we *were*. But that is by the way. The point I am making is this: So short a time ago artists were the only eyes of the press. So short a time ago a good

sletter

artist had an assured career in journalism and elsewhere. Then came the camera, perfected quickly to its present superlative technique, and it knocked out the artist. This appeal of the N.P.G., as it seems to me, brings new hope to the artist of the pencil. I am not suggesting there are enough notable Englishmen, earmarked by the N.P.G., to keep all our artists busy. I am anticipating a revival in the attractive fashion of pencil portraiture.

BACK TO THE 'NINETIES.—Last week was quite memorably cheerful—as cheerfulness goes nowadays—if one didn't look beyond the cliffs of Dover or contemplate Shanghai, Spain, or Geneva. We had a dry thaw, for one thing—a most unlooked-for ending to four days of snow. And then there was a mild boom on 'Change following a wave of optimism in New York (a magnificent brick-without-straw). And there was a confident prophecy from more than one source of a real prospect of 6d. off the income tax, not to mention estimates of 9d. or 1s. There were one or two company meetings disclosing improved trading, with vague hints of the approach of better trade. A glance at the calendar surprised me with the fact that before the next issue of THE SPHERE comes out we shall be into March—the month of daffodils, and the boat-race, and the National, and Easter Monday. And the last straw was added to my load of optimism by an authoritative statement that jazz is moribund, and that nothing will do for the B.Y.P. (Bright Young People) but the popular songs of the 'nineties, to be rendered by "singing waiters" in solo and chorus. Here is a promise of Spring to warm the thin blood of middle age. "Daisy, Daisy," "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay?" Spring is indeed at hand.

THE COMMON MAN.—It was so *like* a nice American to offer to Westminster Abbey—our National Shrine—a statue of the common man. Congress, as *The Times* said, had refused the statue before it was offered to Westminster Abbey. But the nice American felt that England and her Abbey would be less likely to look a free gift-man from America in the mouth. Old England, as everybody in his block knew, is pretty well bolstered up with American dollars—Norman Keeps and Shakespeare and all that. And I'm sure we ought all to be very grateful. We can't have too much expensive statuary, and we don't know half enough of the common man. We are conscious of his elbow when we fight for a place in our bus or tube lift; we see the relics of his picnics on our commons. But we never really get near to his great, simple, generous, kindly heart, we never pause to study the manner of man he is. Put him in the Strand: that is the place for him.

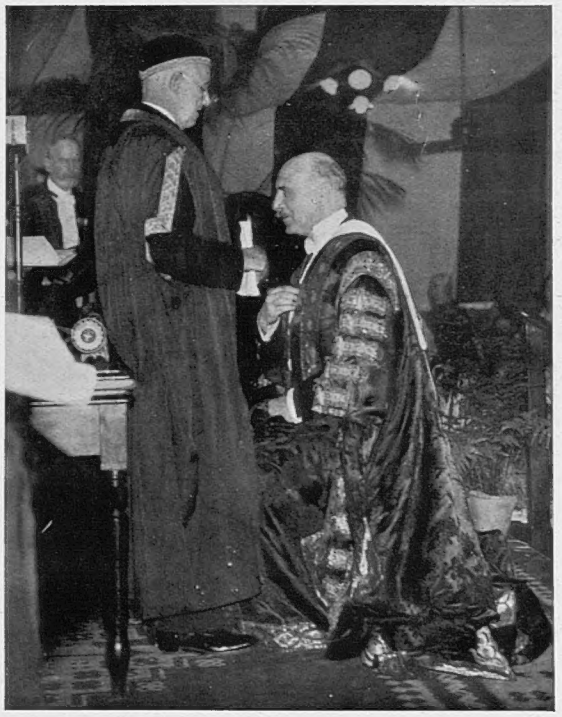
AT 22, GROSVENOR PLACE.—Dare I confess it? I am never really satisfied by these fashionable exhibitions in aid of charity. For either there is too much of one good thing (*e.g.*, conversation pictures) or else too little, because there is a little of everything. The latter was my complaint of the Charles II show when I went a first time. I went a second time to correct my first impression and because the fee is only half a crown, and I was very lucky (or unlucky, according as you regard these shows as fashion shows or art shows). For I arrived just after the Queen and the Duchess of York. I saw the Royal Daimler parked nearby, the sad but sharp-eyed detective fingering his bowler in the hall, and the commissionaire, wishful to be tolerant but too conscious of his responsibilities, blocking the room where Royalty was; through a chink in his harness I saw the Queen peering at a show-case and Sir Harry Verney, that courtly figure, staring now at his boots and now at the ceiling. And then I looked at the faces round me. The eyes of all were fixed on that little triangle formed by the waist and the bent arm of the commissionaire. For a while the exhibition, as an art show, had ceased to attract. And then I looked again at an exhibit, but somehow the virtue had gone out of it, and again I looked at the triangle. The Queen was still immersed in the same show-case, and Sir Harry still stared now at his boots, now at the ceiling. And then I looked at my watch and recovered my umbrella, boldly returning the detective stare for stare and passed out into Grosvenor Place. I am quite sure that that afternoon the public verdict on the merits of the show was entirely favourable.

THE OLD STAGER.

Charles E. Brown

THE GOLD RUSH: London has resembled the '49 and the '98 rolled into one during the last few days, for the precious metal has appreciated nearly 50 per cent. in value; sovereigns are fetching nearly 30s., and preciously hoarded coins together with all manner of trinkets in gold have been sold to the metallurgical brokers. This picture of one charming vendor of the gold rush was taken in the premises of Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co. of Hatton Garden

FROM THE LOWER DECK: Sub-Lieutenant E. A. W. Gibbs, R.N., one of the first dozen A.B.'s promoted to commissioned rank under the new scheme, chaired by students of the Rotherhithe New Road School



THE EARL OF ATHLONE, the brother of the Queen, installed Chancellor of the University of London. The Earl is seen above kneeling before the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Scott Tidgell

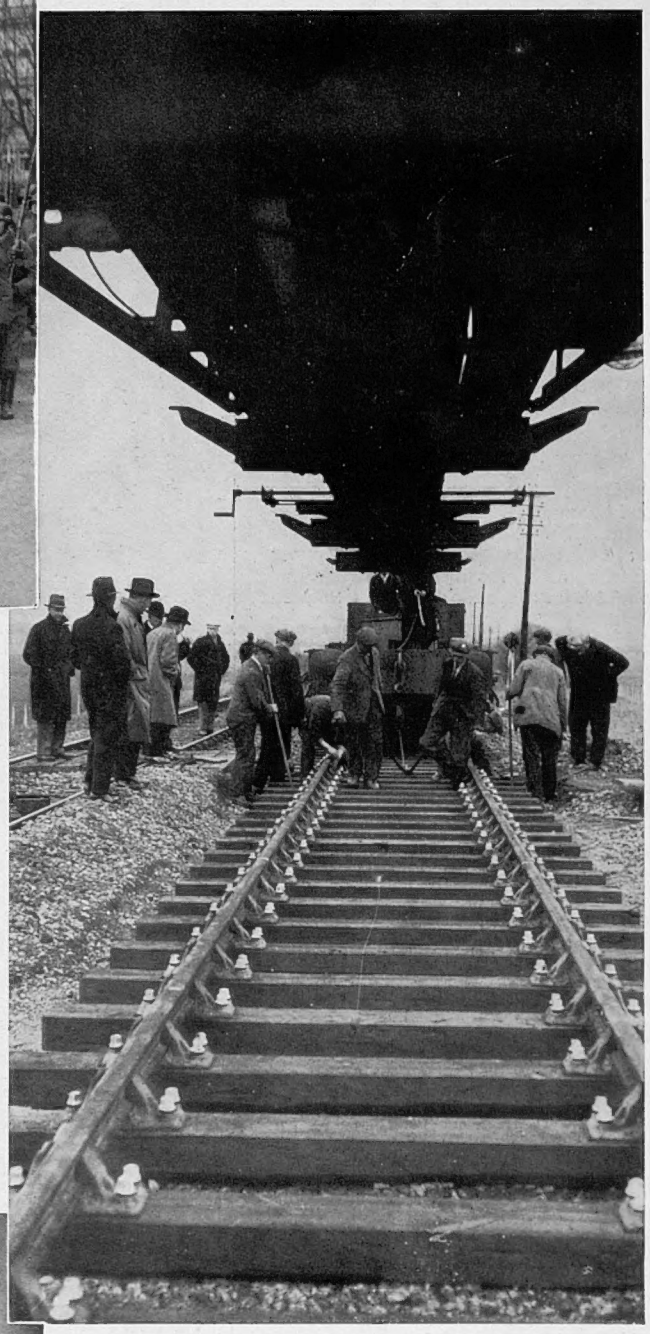
COMING-OF-AGE: Lieutenant Peter Clifton, the only son of Colonel Clifton of Clifton Hall, Notts, receives at the hands of Mr. John Moss, the oldest tenant and a famous cricketing figure, a wrought iron deed-box on behalf of the tenants and villagers

AN ENGLISH STAR: Mr. Clive Brook and Mrs. Brook are enjoying a trip to Britain after Mr. Brook's many Hollywood successes

NEWS from ALL QUARTERS

GERMANY HONOURS HER DEAD: Troops parade before the Reichstag where an impressive service in commemoration of the men who fell in the War was held, in the presence of President Field-Marshal von Hindenburg. Hitler is opposing the veteran in the forthcoming elections

THE KING OF THE CARD HOUSE: M. Painlevé, who is forming the fourth French Government to be created in ten weeks, interviews the Press. It is doubtful if this Cabinet will endure until the General Elections



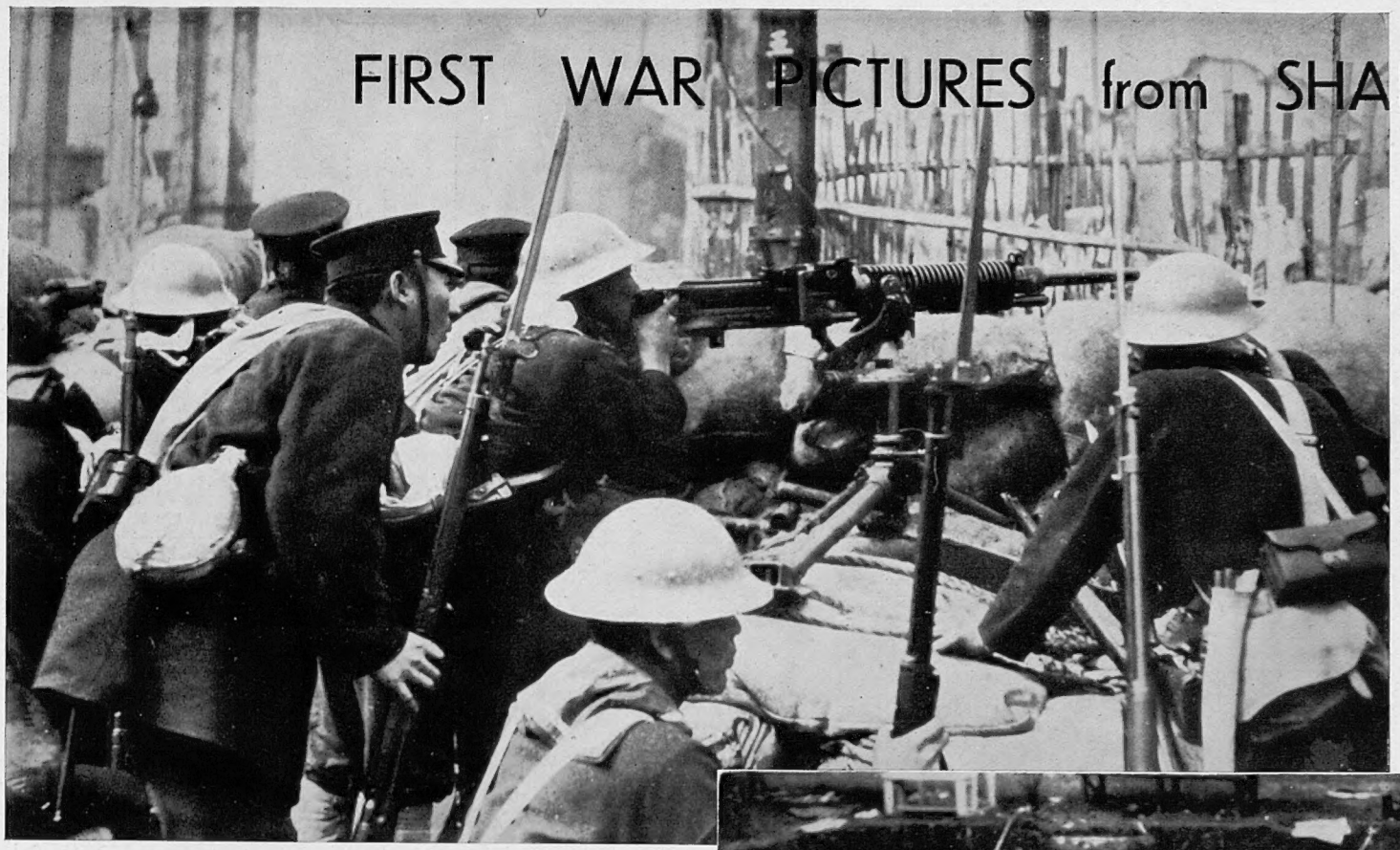
RELAYING THE TRACK with a new Morris track layer on the L.N.E.R. The new device removes 60 ft. stretches of old lines and lays new ones

THE IRISH SWEEP: A scene in the Plaza Ballroom, Dublin, where hundreds have been besieging the cashiers for tickets during the period prior to the closing. It is believed the funds will total £3,000,000

A SUBSTRATOSPHERICAL ATTEMPT which met with success was made by Herr Suckstorff and Herr Scheutze from Bitterfeld, Saxony. They ascended over 29,000 ft. to measure cosmic rays and descended, after four hours, in Westphalia

AT THE POINT OF THE GUN: Arrests made in Saragossa, where serious disorders have broken out of late. A patrol of Civil Guards was fired on by syndicalist promoters of a general strike. The casualty list amounted to four killed and eleven wounded. Spain is not unlike a volcano, emitting puffs of smoke after an eruption

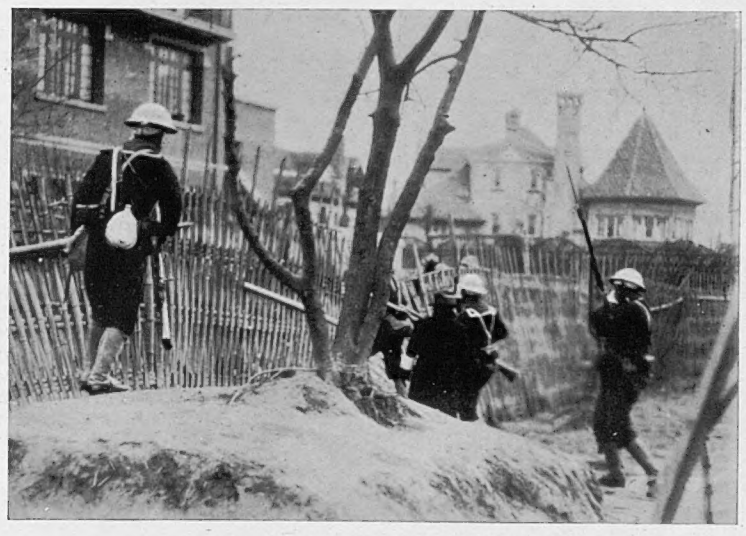
FIRST WAR PICTURES from SHANGHAI



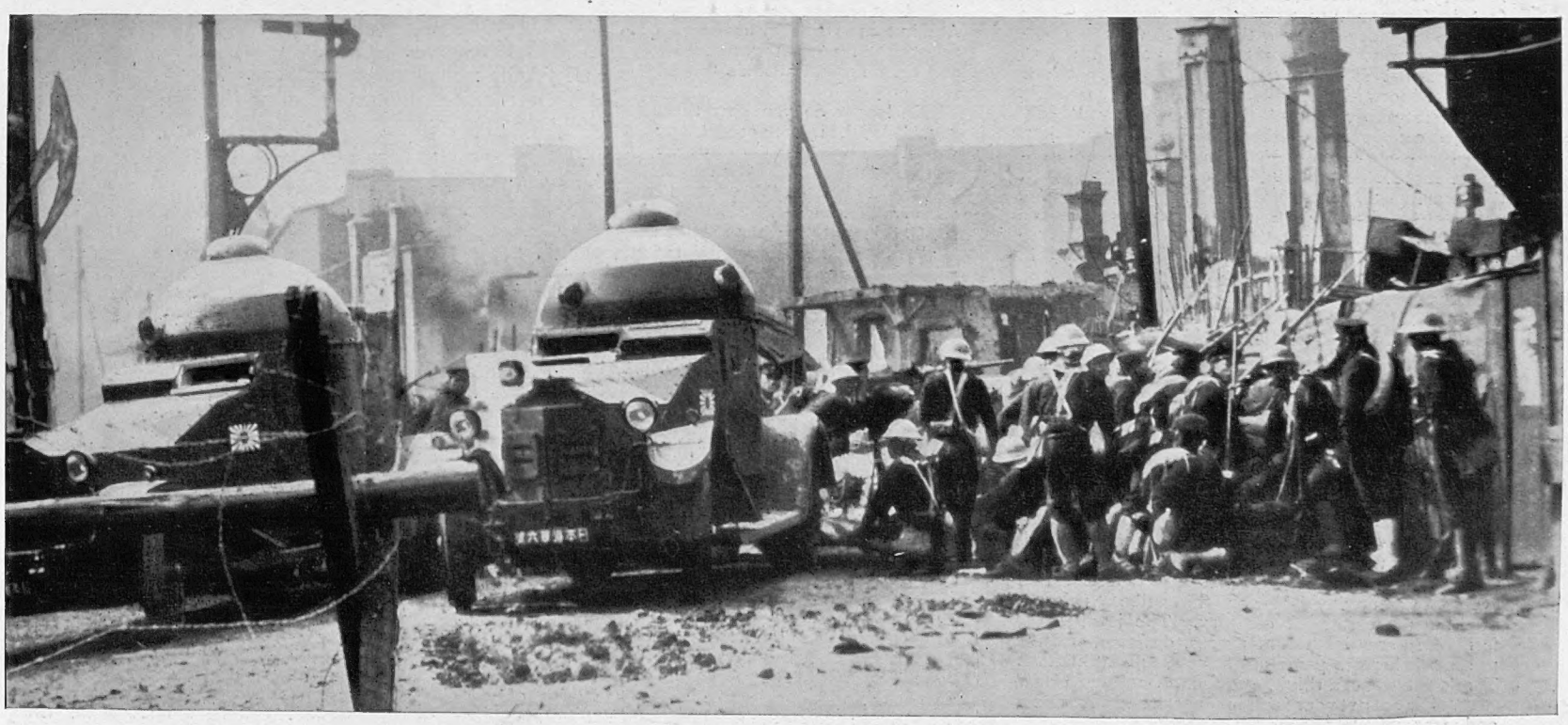
JAPANESE MACHINE GUNS have been wreaking havoc on the Chinese forces at Shanghai, but the Republic (officered by Europeans) has put up a surprisingly stiff resistance. Casualties are estimated at 7,000 on each side in a three days' battle

To the surprise of well-informed military critics, who prophesied an overwhelming victory in the field which would, however, have no material effect upon the Sino-Japanese situation, the forces of the Republic, trained by Europeans of various nationalities, put up a considerably tougher resistance than was anticipated, and the Imperial forces have been held up to await reinforcements.

(Continued below)



ON SENTRY DUTY: Japanese marines on guard



UNDER COVER: Japanese marines firing from the protection afforded by armoured cars. *Above on right* is a scene typical of the warfare of the East—the intermission (one might call it siesta) in the midst of a battle

(Continued from above)

It was the decimating machine-gun fire of the Chinese that proved the greatest barrier to the advancing waves of Nippon. The same superlative—even fanatical—heroism and patriotism that was in evidence at Port Arthur in 1904–5 was seen in the effort made by three rankers who bound high explosives to their bodies and flung themselves on the Chinese barbed wire, blowing it and themselves sky high, to open up a gap through which their comrades could advance. As we go to press there is a lull in the operations.

The EAGLE

The Spirit Animating Germany To-da the Philosophy of "Carpe Diem"—ever a Sporadic Emotional Determination to Era not by Work but by a

By ROY

LET US EAT, DRINK, AND BE MERRY, FOR TO-MORROW WE—GO BANKRUPT *is the philosophy animating present-day Germany, but it is only on rare occasions that wine is drunk. For the price of one beer one may spend an evening in a café*

"The eagle has become a raven croaking dismally above the door of Europe."

Such is the bitter complaint of a German friend of mine whose tendencies are sharp Right, and whose ambition is to see the national emblem assume correct and defiant mien.

"They couldn't wring the eagle's neck," he continued, "so they caged it, and spineless German governments have put the raven up in its place. But someone's going to open the cage, and then you'll see the feathers fly."

Perhaps. One never knows how to take these flamboyant patriots. Are they looking forward or backward? Back to the pre-War Golden Age of manœuvres, brass bands, bristling moustachios, and a row of bright lances to point an International argument? Or forward to—Heaven knows! Meanwhile, what is happening in Germany? A revolution; the revolution of *Kalte Sozializierung*, "Cold Socialization," which few people outside Germany seem to have noticed.

Classical imperialism has gone. Classical capitalism is going the same way. Out of post-war chaos is developing a Socialist State near enough to the Marxian principles to terrify traditional economists. I shall not go into details, but anyone who cares to take the trouble can prove that nationalization of industry and finance is now almost an accomplished fact in Germany, of which Chancellor Bruening's recent emergency decree is the latest and most significant example. The result of this policy is not so clear, but the more one studies it, the more one is influenced toward the belief that Germany's troubles are at least partly due to "Cold Socialization."

You cannot expect the people to believe that, however, when Reparations offer such a magnificent target for their complaints. If they did believe it they would say, perhaps with justice, that where the policy of socialization does not owe its very existence to the pressure of reparations, it does, at least, owe its failures to that cause. At all events, nothing in the world can now persuade the German people that their distress is due to anything but the Treaty of Versailles. Perspiring charwomen, deprived of their usual ration of beer and sausage, blame the Treaty of Versailles as bitterly as the Frankfort financier driven from his villa to a poky flat with one servant.

It has produced throughout the whole country a sense of brooding unrest, and in the mind of every German a resentful preoccupation which he cannot get rid of. At a dinner the other night, which was attended by several important industrialists of the Rhineland, I asked one of the other guests why conversation was never permitted to drift away from the political and economic conditions of the country.

"Would to God that we knew how to let it drift away!" he replied. "You must understand that every German today feels something like a prisoner awaiting the verdict of the jury. The jury, in the form of International conferences, disagree, and the prisoner is kept in perpetual suspense about his fate. That's why we can think, and talk, of nothing else."

"Why not put your faith in Geneva and Lausanne, and meanwhile let the matter drop?"

My companion laughed, somewhat derisively. He seemed to believe, and as far as I can remember, I agreed with him, that International conferences meet only to consolidate national differences.

Meanwhile, where stands the ordinary German citizen? His lot is only partially told in the reports of expert accountants and economists. It is revealed in stark truth by personal contact with life in Germany to-day. And here there are startling paradoxes. The paradox of suicides, bankruptcies, mental breakdowns and defalcations alongside the glitter and light and cheap gaiety which, even now, are available in every big city of the Republic. Paradoxes which, moreover, are part and parcel of an overwhelming national melancholy.

A curious effect of this melancholy is the remarkable increase in public worship, particularly throughout Catholic Germany. One has been led to expect a widespread carelessness in matters of religion, instead of which, all the signs point to unusual devotional fervour. The people are bewildered. It usually takes a long time to bring national catastrophe home to the common citizens; at all events, to make them realize its dimensions. Year after year, since 1923, the Germans have said to each other, "Well, it cannot get any worse." And in that spirit they have maintained their normal occupations and their normal attitude toward life.

No longer do you hear them say, "Well, it cannot get any worse." It has got steadily worse since 1923. Now they are disposed to lament, "We haven't reached bottom yet." If that is so, God help them when they do!

"We have been relying too much on the goodwill of Europe and too little on the mercy of God," said a prominent German ecclesiastic. He might have added, in Christian humility, "and too little on our own efforts." But such an addition could have been misinterpreted; for that, essentially, is what the extreme nationalists are saying, though not in Christian humility. And, goaded by the belief that they are victims of sinister vengeance, the common people are rapidly beginning to echo the same sentiment. The increase in public devotion is therefore not the hopeful sign it appears to be. When misery and fear drive men to religion, their god is apt to develop martial tendencies.

A race accustomed to adopting a somewhat arrogant attitude toward the rest of the world now finds itself humiliated: humiliated by what it believes to be vengeful and extortionate exactions—crippling reparation payments, with their back-breaking burden of taxation; an enforced disarmament which, in this land of straining frontiers, gives rise to genuine fears for the safety of its territory; and the breed of those two evils, which ride like gaunt horsemen of the Apocalypse across the sky of the Fatherland, leaving behind them a trail of suicides, failures, and crowded mad-houses.

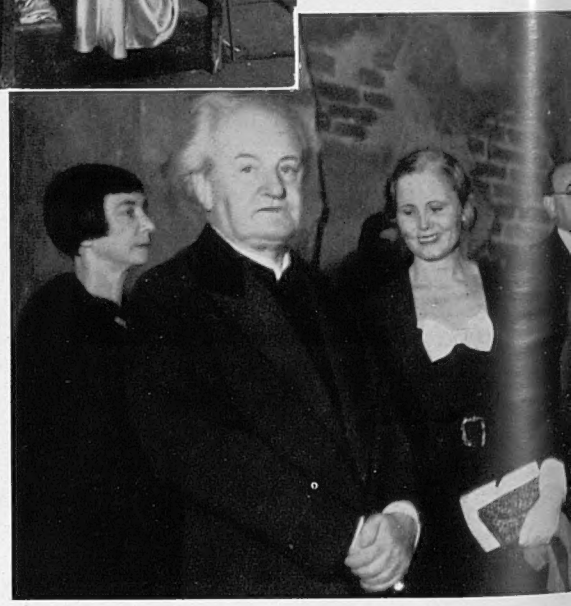
It is a gloomy picture. Other countries find it difficult to credit. How, then, they ask, has Germany been able to establish the strongest civil air force in Europe, to reach a favourable trade balance, to build open-air swimming baths and giant stadia all over the country, to erect brand-new schools, hospitals, exhibition buildings, post offices, and even State and municipal hotels? It looks to be a formidable criticism. Probably it is, but I suspect there is a very good answer to it, and that, allowing for certain extravagances (without which there can be no democratic government), its burden is the truism that Germany must be kept as a going concern if she is to pay any debts at all, and that the duty of every government is still, under whatsoever circumstance, the maintenance of public life at a reasonable standard. National depreciation has already gone perilously far.

Leave it at that. If no single building enterprise had been undertaken by German governments during the past five years, the financial position of the country would not be appreciably better to-day. And, anyway, those enterprises merely accentuate the shocking poverty of the country by their contrast with the general aspect of shabbiness. More than half the factories of Germany are shut down. There is the same proportion of empty residential buildings, and, when setting forth along the main shopping streets of big cities, one is always on the look out to see if the windows of one's favourite shop are boarded up. Two chances to one, they will be.

It is a hand-to-mouth existence for every merchant in the country. Even those who trade in necessities are obliged to mark down their prices to a figure which makes a net profit almost impossible. "Why do you do it?" I asked one of them. "It's the only way I can keep my shop open," came the reply. "All my money and my whole life's work have gone into this business. If I give it up I'm finished. So I try to keep my customers, even at a loss, against the time when conditions are better."

I wondered what his creditors, the wholesale merchants, would say to that. But they are in exactly the same boat, and obliged to steer the same uneconomic course. It is a case of taking in one another's washing in other to keep up appearances. That policy is, however, frequently abused. There are plenty of dishonest tradesmen in these cities who take the opportunity to profit by the desperate efforts of merchants to maintain at least a semblance of

LUXURY ON THE SURFACE: *A film star opens a six-day gala at the Berlin Sportspalast*



NOTABLES EN GRAND TENUE: *Herr and Fra and General von Seeckt at the première of the* Tales o *haus, Berlin. Theatres are thronged—but th*

NOW A RAVEN

Vacillates between Apathetic Resignation, at the Cost of Bankruptcy or Suicide—and Re-create the Glories of the Pre-War Gesture of Hitler-Inspired Force

ELSTON

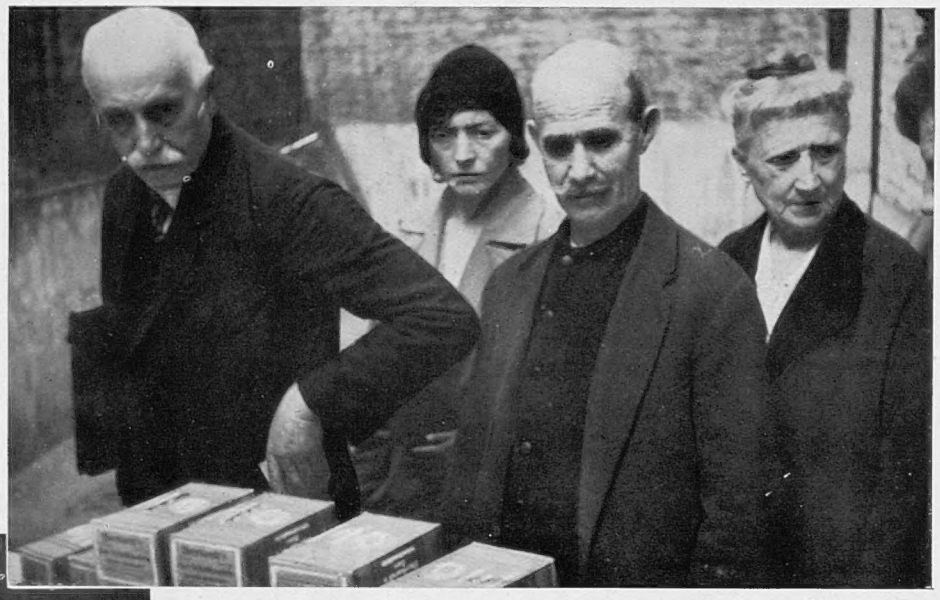
normal trading conditions. They undercut their neighbours, do a roaring trade for a month or two, and then, securing the turnover for themselves, by means which outwit the bankruptcy laws, close down.

The same conditions are true of almost every branch of trade, especially those which depend on ordinary middle class patronage. They are strikingly evident with hotels, restaurants and cafés, which are keeping their doors open by practically giving things away. The usual price for three-course luncheons and dinners at the best restaurants and hotels range from RM.1.20 to RM.3, the general average being less than two marks. On Rosenmontag, the peak-day of the Cologne Carnival, and the one occasion in the year when no Kölner feels the slightest compunction in spending every pfennig he can lay his hands on, or wheedle from the pawnshop, the numerous hotels, restaurants and cafés of the city were crowded to the doors until three, four, and five o'clock in the morning. In spite of which, it was the soberest festival I have ever witnessed.

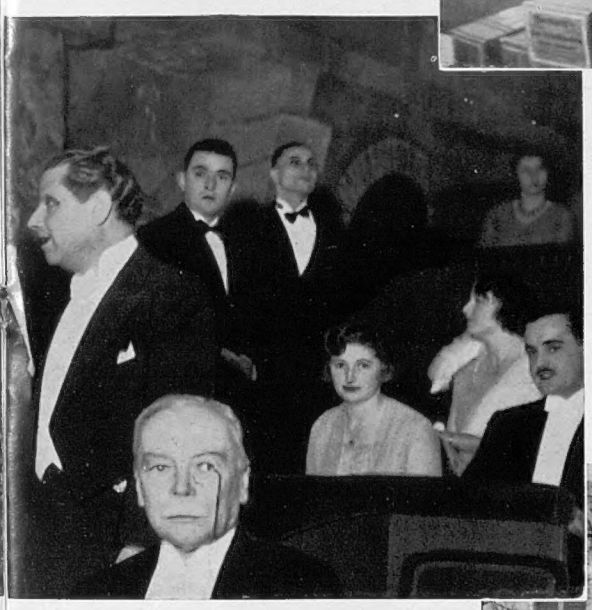
The director of one of the leading hotels told me that in 1929 he was able to charge, and get, twenty marks per cover for the Rosenmontag dinner. In 1930 he charged fifteen marks. By 1931 he had been obliged to reduce the charge to six marks, and this year the Rosenmontag dinner cost three marks. It consisted of soup, fish, chicken and dessert. In the 1929 festival he served three hundred bottles of champagne. This year he served four! And so, by ruining themselves, and hopeful that better times will still find them in possession of their businesses, they keep up appearances and almost persuade themselves that trade is brisk.

A great deal is talked about the gaiety and splendour of Berlin's Kurfürstendam. It certainly looks very gay, with its jostling crowds and its blaze of electric lights. If you pass through this quarter without entering any of its resorts, you shudder at the extravagance and wickedness suggested by subdued sounds of music, heavily curtained windows, sumptuous entrance halls, blazing enticements in neon signs and gaudy posters. It is all a fiction. Except for one or two notorious haunts, it is as modest and restrained as a Methodist Sunday school.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE: *A scene in Shell House, Berlin, whither thousands of Germans, weary to death of the depression (which, though they do not recognize the fact, is largely due to their own squandermania and inertia), sign petitions against the disarmament enforced by the Treaty of Versailles—a movement deriving its impetus largely from Hitler. The maps show the comparative strength of the forces of the other nations*



RELIEF FOR THE NEEDY: *One of the many charitable societies extant in Germany to-day—The Relief for the Needy Organization—prepares to distribute cartons of provisions among the better vast indigent population of Berlin*



Gerhardt Hauptmann, Professor Max Reinhardt Hoffman *production at the Grosses Schauspielhaus. Germany's seeming prosperity is entirely superficial*

"Where shall we go to-night?"—(for go somewhere every German must, every night. He is never happy if he cannot join in with something. Hence the infinite number of "vereins," or clubs—"Two Germans are a verein," said Bismarck, "and three a political party.")

"Where shall we go"?—You are surprised to hear mentioned, in reply, the name of a fashionable resort, noted for its entertainers and a famous dance orchestra. "But isn't that expensive?" you ask. "Champagne, and that sort of thing."

"Ach nein! There's nothing like that nowadays. We can drink beer." So we dance on an enchanting floor, in a beautifully decorated cabaret, and admire skilful vaudeville turns, drinking meanwhile a couple of glasses of beer. The total cost per person is round about one mark. As everyone else is doing the same thing, one does not feel embarrassed by one's economies. The pop of a champagne cork is, indeed, a disturbance which most of us resent, and which frightens half the waiters out of their wits.

A WHITE ELEPHANT: *A palatial new office building in Berlin in which not one suite, not one room is occupied. The number of houses, "to let" has made of Berlin a house agent's heaven*

In a few weeks, of course, such places are bankrupt. Oddly enough, they are very soon re-opened and their new owners, with augmented attractions and still further reductions in price, soon go the way of their predecessors. It is, in fact, no dishonour to go bankrupt. It is simply part of the routine, and is regarded like a cold in the head, as something unavoidable, which takes fourteen days to cure with a doctor and two weeks without. Only some grow tired of it, and open a vein, shoot themselves, or put their heads in gas ovens.

I walked with a friend of mine the other day through a fashionable residential quarter of Frankfort. It was meant to be a pleasant afternoon's stroll in the frosty sunshine. It was nothing of the sort. A visit to a morgue could not have been more depressing. Faded *zu vermieten* notices hung from most of the windows. Every villa seemed in need of a coat of paint and a well-stoked fire to warm its shivering sides. My friend began to name the occupants, or former occupants, of the more sumptuous houses. "So-and-so lived there. He shot himself last month. The owner of that big place has just been taken to an asylum for the insane. You see that villa? It belonged to Herr ——. He got two years' imprisonment for falsification of accounts." Suicides, mental breakdowns, commercial dishonesty—their increase in Germany should alarm the whole world.

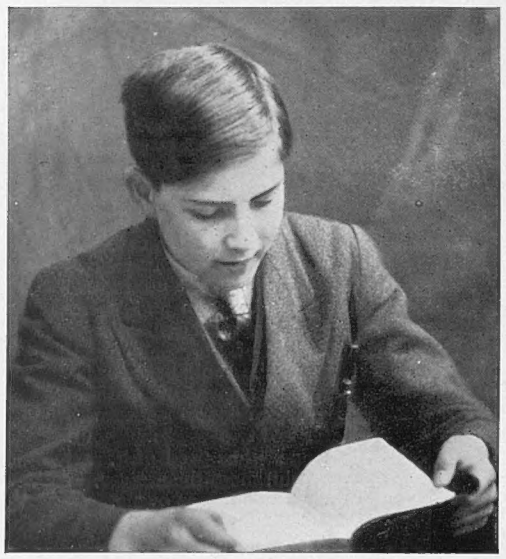
What effect does this kind of thing have on the mentality of the people? They sit in warm cafés where orchestras play wistful, reminiscent music, and dream of the old days—the days of reserve camps, brilliant manœuvres, swaggering garrisons, and a sense of authority in the affairs of the world. Their most popular plays have a stirring nostalgic effect. Their books recapture ancient sentiments. Even many of their films seem designed to awaken memories of pre-War glory. Great applause has been given throughout the country to a recent Ufa film, *General Yorck*, which describes in masterly fashion that stubborn patriot's fight for German freedom. The film ends with the dramatic shout: *Freiheit*. And the word is echoed by the whole audience with Teutonic fervour.

These tendencies are interesting. One should bear in mind that a great nation continues great in potentialities so long as its people remembers greatness. And Germany remembers. Germany reminds herself of it every minute of every day—in the café, the home, the factory, the theatre, the film, and the printing press. She might have forgotten. She might have been content to forget the grandiloquent glory of the past and to have filled a more subdued, and more useful, rôle in a well-proportioned brotherhood of nations.

She has not been allowed to forget. The tattered and outworn robe of martyrdom has been flung upon her; and it is more than her always doubtful sense of humour can stand. She considers herself to be the victim of a sinister revenge. Being an intensely sentimental people, like all beer-drinking races, she enlarges her own wrongs, glorifies injustice into national insult, and, over the usual half litre, talks about girding up her loins and fighting back to freedom.

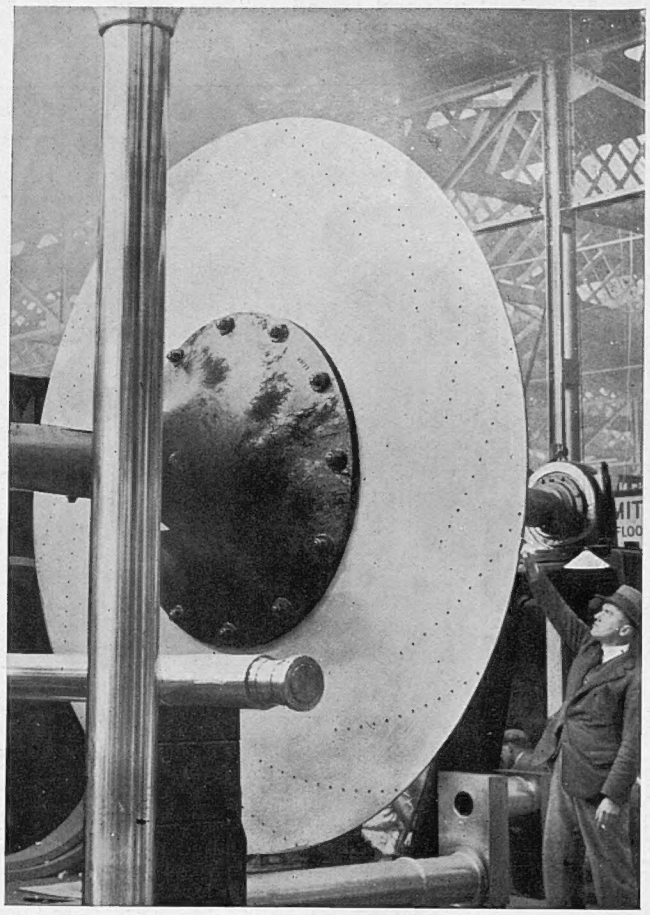
BRITISH NEWS OF THE WEEK

THE GOLD RING AND THE SAWDUST RING: The son of M. Fratellini, the famous clown, married in Paris to Mlle Suzanne Rousseau, a celebration attended by many circus folk

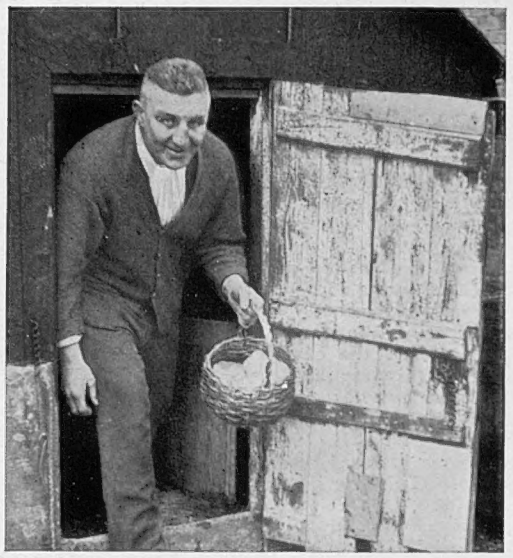


THE KING'S PRIZE WINNER: Master Denison Pindar who has twice won the prize for Divinity presented to the school on the Royal Estate, Sandringham, with his two awards

ELECTION IN IRELAND: The interior of a polling booth guarded by a constable. The elections which, as we go to press, bid fair to give Mr. Eamonn de Valera, the Republican, a majority, were typical of the Irish militant tradition



CALLED TO THE BAR: Miss Tessa Dean collects local colour for her performance in *Derby Day*, the play based on *The Water Gipsies*, under the eye of Mr. A. P. Herbert



THE BOXING SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER: Mr. Tom Tucker, who defeated (much to the public's surprise) Charlie Hickman at the Crystal Palace recently, caught in private life

LEGS AND THE MAN! Attendants at the White City are not guilty of a trunk murder but are merely carrying lay legs into the White City to display stockings at the B.I.F.

THE MODEL AIRCRAFT MEET: The scene at the inaugural function, held on the third Sunday of every month on Wanstead Flats by the Model Aircraft Club

THE TOWN HOUSE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL: H.R.H. entering No. 32 Green Street, Park Lane, presented to her by the Queen. The Princess Royal (Princess Mary, Countess of Harewood) has just come up from Harewood House, Leeds

A LECTURE TOUR BY 'PLANE is being undertaken by Lady Chaytor, who will be piloted by Mr. R. T. Richards. She is to lecture in Australia on fashions

ARCHÆOLOGY IN SCOTLAND: A lake-land dwelling on Lochend Loch, Coatbridge, Scotland, estimated at 2,000 years old, has just been unearthed by Mr. Ludovic Mann

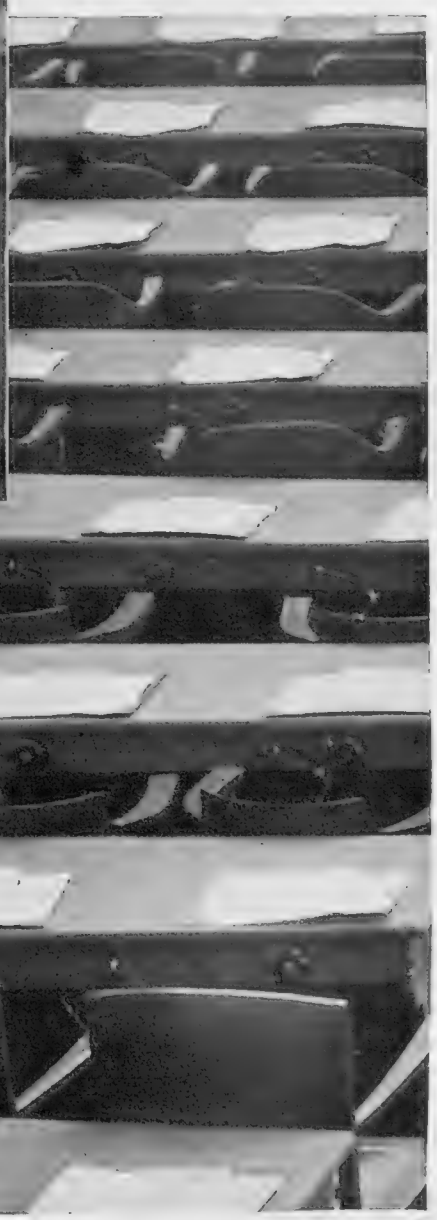
"MEN like GODS"

Yet Another H. G. Wells Fantasy Comes True

IN ANY LANGUAGE YOU LIKE: Delegates to the Peace Conference listen to a speech by means of head-phones, through which immediate translations can be heard

GERMANY SPEAKS: Dr. Bruening on the tribune. His speech was simultaneously heard in a variety of tongues. The possibility of such immediate translation was foreshadowed in "Men Like Gods," a book by H. G. Wells, published in '23

ON TEST: The seats in the great hall have been fitted with ear-phones. These are capable of being "tuned in" to any given one of a number of cubicles where sit expert translators. A delegate speaking, say, in French, talks into a microphone. This relays his speech to the translators in their cubicles; each translates "at sound" into his special language and speaks into a microphone connected with the ear-phones



THE CONTROL DIALS by means of which delegates can select the language in which to hear the current speech. From, say, cubicle A, a speech, originally spoken in French, is relayed in English; from cubicle B in German; from cubicle C in Italian

THE L.S.D. OF FASHI

A MODERN DRESS-SHOW: *A corner of a* salon de la Grande Couture

PARIS.

To transfer quickly from the bosom of the League of Nations to a "Spring and Summer collection of models" off the rue Royale is to experience a sudden and exceptional falling away in self-confidence and poise. "No," I said to the vendeuse, "I am not a buyer but a scrivener, and voici, my card of entry, and do let me take this back seat just here by the door." Gentle violins somewhere. Heavens, the heat after driving up in an open car (10 below, Centigrade, at Dijon). Programme. No longer, one observes, are a succession of lulling appellations applied to the creations to be shown—*Crême de Cacao*, *Délice de Phryné*, and so forth. Plain numerals now, followed by explanations and things. Why so? I glance at my neighbour. No doubt a buyer.

"Pardon, Monsieur ——"

"Wazzat?"

"Oh! Could you tell me why they've stopped giving the dresses names?"

"What's your line? Britisher, eh? Wazzat? Oh. Say. Reporter. Why, the big dressmakers decided there'd be a little less counterfeiting on the other side if they cut names. A copied Paris model called 'number forty' has less personality. Here in the showrooms it doesn't matter."

My neighbour marks off something and I glance up and observe number twenty-seven swaying across the low dais, hand on hip, and seemingly non-present mentally. Paris mannequins have bad tempers, are selfish, disdainful, artificial, above themselves. These characteristics promptly disengage from the light blue of number twenty-seven. Paris mannequins must look quite different early in the morning. These ones, I note, have been specially tinkered up to the ear lobes by *Kohl, Henna et Cie*, beauty specialists. Paris mannequins have tiring jobs, exact from industrials, frequent inferior males, and like porto.

Le numéro quatre. Bravo, bravo. Discreet applause. Tea of an infinite pallor, and biscuits, are now circulating—that most banal of all excuses for refreshment, "le goûter." Pyjamas on the dais. How cool the girl looks in this hothouse. So slim, too, and straight behind. Unlike so much of the real thing. Rather nice, that one. Some Paris mannequins are not so.

But what is the use in my staying on here? It's just the same as years ago. I'm not writing about clothes. Rather of what lies beneath them. The system underlying fashion, I should say. Yonder is the Master. Very surrounded; being told, I am sure, that his collection has very well succeeded. Supposing I approached and said, "Monsieur le Maître. I understand you've gone bust. That your backers have called you in. Would you care to go exhaustively into how this lamentable state of affairs has come about?" I notice that articles of mine are not infrequently called "frank exposés." There being limits to frankness, I prepare to leave the precincts. I nod to my neighbour.

"Say. You goin'? Just a minute. Guess I've had enough, too. Parches, don't it?"

He must have been a rich buyer because he ordered *Cordon Rouge* off the ice.

He would have to pay 100 dollars for the opportunity he had just had of seeing X's Spring and summer models. That was a new rule for American buyers who saw an advance display and didn't buy. The money had to be deposited beforehand, else he wouldn't have been allowed in because he hadn't bought anything last year. A buyer now must acquire at least one model or pay the consequences. The object is to restrain piracy in New York, or rather, what is much worse, advance piracy.

In the past, spies, disguised as buyers, have attended displays and made copious mental and even pencilled notes, and then cabled details over the very same day of this and that creation which pleased or which could be speedily produced in bulk. People are passed through the finest sieve nowadays by the big Paris houses before they are allowed entry to the advance shows. No fashion artists are allowed at all (two American women had to pay £1,700 damages the other day for sending sketches to New York), and there is an ever-growing International black list of general suspects. Even the okay buyer's list has been pruned and pruned, and okay buyers have got to carry full credentials in future from their houses.

La Grande Couture is, in particular, out to suppress free-lance buyers who buy a collection, and then rent it out in America at anything from five to twenty-five dollars a model. The copying that ensues by American manufacturers and dressmakers, almost before the creations have been launched in Paris itself, is highly prejudicial. A list is demanded of these renters so that they may be barred.

La Grande Couture is also greatly perturbed about the practice of American buyers being solicited in their Paris hotels by the purveyors of copies of models, many of which are actual reproductions of the genuine article obtained through bribery of the workgirls who sell the patterns. A veritable factory of spurious labels of famous houses was recently unearthed in Paris. Some of these labels are destined for the copies hawked around hotels; many more for export for the eventual copies of these copies to be made across the Atlantic and, in lesser degree, elsewhere in Europe. American buyers must swear never to touch the fraudulent frocks or tabs. "Why, sure I'll swear," grinned my new-found acquaintance. "But, say, when a swell jane 'phones up with the goods at anything from thirty to seventy bucks, what's a guy to do?" Yeah, prices had come down to that now. The leading houses were offering models round the hundred dollar mark and the hotel 'phoners had reduced proportionately.

I asked my informant an obvious question. Was it possible to mistake a copy for the real thing? I had with me a note from an evidently peeved one, running, "It is sometimes claimed that it is impossible to distinguish between a copy made from a stolen pattern and the original article. This can only be believed by those who have no appreciation of quality and no real knowledge of the subtle and inimitable characteristics of a model made in a first-class house, by the finest workers in the world, under the guidance of the best premières and the supervision of the original creator. No woman who has ever had the privilege and the pleasure of being dressed by leading Paris dressmakers could ever be taken in by anything which professed to be 'just as good.'"

"Fine! Fine!" I was waved to silence. "But your dame's gone skating. She's missed out on the new demand. Models can be disposed of now by the thousand where only a few of each were marketable before. These came to be about as exclusive as my Durby. Most women our way are getting satisfied with American handiwork modelled on the real thing. They durned well have to be these times. Say. Here's a good 'un. 'The grand cootoore has been made safe for democracy.'"

It is only in the way of things that when crisis touches a time-honoured cosmopolitan industry, which has to knuckle down, attention should be attracted to the inner economy of that institution. It appears to be the fact that frocks and gowns for which as much as £120 and £150 were demanded a year or two ago, are now to be had—or their latest manifestations—for a fifth and a sixth of such price, and even for less. Reductions of between 20 and 30 per cent. are openly announced by the best houses.

How can such sweeping reductions be reconciled with business? It is true that material and design are being chosen simpler, costing less—beauty of line is apparently everything—but enquiry lead one to the view that in the past prices soared out of reason because (a) an "exclusive" model was worth just what money lay in prospective clients' purses, (b) great extravagance on the part of "fashion kings" had to be met, (c) every eccentricity went with a bang so long as it came from Paris, which was permanently on velvet, and could do no wrong. Otherwise put, an immense margin of profit was provided for, which could bear great contraction and now is doing so under stress of circumstance.

ON A LIVING MODEL: *Mme Jacqueline Bornet, a distinguished* couturière, *fashions her fashions on a mannequin instead of a lay figure*

PREPARATION: *One mannequin assists another in presenting an adequately chic appearance to do justice to that product of* La Grande Couture *which she is to display*

ON

Our Special Foreign Correspondent Turns the X-Ray Searchlight of his Attention to an Industry that is Paying the Penalty for its Incitement to Squandermania and the Folly of the Past

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Most dressmakers get people to give them capital to launch their establishments. As soon as they are successful they buy out these shareholders and pocket the profits themselves. But the longsighted plan may be for a dressmaker to turn his or her concern into a limited liability company, for then a dividend has to be paid only in the event of a profit. When financed by others, interest has to be paid whether a profit accrues or not, in addition to the ultimate return of the capital lent. To-day, in the case of several of the newer and more flashy houses, anxious backers are growing increasingly restive. Banks, themselves in queer street, are notably pressing. Lucky are they who took the precaution of being backed by fabric firms, since these cannot quit so lightly; they depend on so-and-so much of their output being used in the collections of the tied fashion house, with special reference to the potential mass sale of stuffs to American buyers through this house.

Before making a profit dressmakers have to pay their rent, taxes, including the tax on business done, licence permitting them to carry on their trade, bank interest, entertaining and stunting, and the big item of staff wages. Hundreds of workers may be employed. There is always a financial supervisor to the whole—woe to the artistic creator who tries to tackle things—for what does he know of packing and delivery expenses, of the upkeep of vans, of monthly fabric bills, of percentages and bonuses, of the cost of collecting bad debts not to mention good ones, the cost of needles and thread and of having the latter dyed to match the fabric, the dyeing of accessories, and so on without end? In point of salary, at the top of the tree (of course after the modelist), comes the director of publicity now employed on all sides and who may get £800 p.a. and expenses. He or she will let you know that Patou won a hundred thousand francs last night at Cannes or Biarritz or that there is absolutely no truth, once again, for the umteenth time, in the famous "Duchess" remark attributed to Chanel. Very necessary, all this, in order to sell dresses in the nineteen-thirties.

Next on the list, Poiret says he paid his premières £500 a year. "These execute the models under the inspiration of the creator whose intentions they must assimilate, giving impeccable form to these. They must have some culture and enjoy a certain ease in life or they will be incapable of following the refinements of the modelist." And the once-domineering Paul, now (or lately) living alone somewhere in the Ile-de-France, attending to his own potager and smacking his chops over his own self-prepared cuisine, goes on to tell of one Annette, a good girl, a sound première, but one of the unsensual kind, and to whom he strongly recommended taking a lover, she lacking necessary voluptuousness, of thought, of touch, for her work.

Next comes the vendeuse who gets 3 per cent. of the sale of each dress she sells to a client, while her assistant or "second" receives 1 per cent. A vendeuse has to be patiently persuasive and, if she knows her job, able to suggest variations to the theme of a model, to suit particular clients. Frenchwomen are the devil, according to expert evidence. They never will have anything as it stands. The mannequin displaying a dress gets a shilling commission for so doing, while one of those ladies who make a profession of recommending clients will get as much as 5 or even 10 per cent. of the sale. Finally from two to four pounds goes to the workroom, according to the model. Say a simple day dress costs £30, which is a fair average price to-day, the following expenses have to be deducted before anything is allowed for overhead or for buying the material, buttons, lining, belt, buckle, and any trimming that may exist:—

	£	s.	d.
Introducer of client - -	3	0	0
Workroom - - -	3	0	0
Vendeuse - - -	0	18	0
Second - - -	0	6	0
Mannequin - - -	0	1	0
Total -	7	5	0

This leaves £22 15s. for all materials and gadgets and overhead charges and profit. Assuming that the materials and accessories cost £7, fifteen guineas remain out of which "coulage" or theft of material, etc. has to be allowed for, also incessant alterations, and sometimes the return of a model. What then, may the profit be actually, at the present time, on that £30 model? It looks like still being in the vicinity of 40 per cent.

Fashion houses have in late years, as is known, gone off at tangents into perfumery, pyjamas, lingerie, trinkets, and what not, subsidiaries which all bring grist to the mill. The embracing attempt would seem to be that of taking the client on vertical trust lines, as it were, of turning her out from her pate-béret to her crocodile shoes. Dressmakers must strike out in several other directions to-day if they are to survive. Gone are the days when a creator could tour Europe with a troupe of gorgeous mannequins, or hold bacchanalian fêtes in the Champs Elysées to which all Paris and Cosmopolis would be summoned. Sometimes such publicity fêtes would cost hundreds of pounds. But there still endures the grim necessity of keeping branches open at the fashionable resorts. Did these close, people might ask, "Where's X?", "Where's Y?" It all piles up the cost—especially when creators *have* to be seen handling bundles of mille notes at chemi and baccarat.

Not a few of the later-coming houses went in for such splendour of site and decoration—"temples of beauty to bring beautiful thoughts"—indulged such spectacular extravagance in order to "put over" their conceptions, extended such credit as seriously to hypothecate a to-morrow, never believed in, but which has now sternly arrived.

Finances are freely in confusion. You would hardly discern the fact from the recent parade of collections when hundreds of models were smilingly shown as usual, but all that is an imperative keeping up of appearances. In reality, the rue de la Paix has got its back to the wall, in some measure a boomerang for its having set such a terrific pace since the War. To have kept the thing going, it would have been necessary to have had every individual client pirouetting in a model of her own—the designer's dream of Heaven. Instead, a good deal of la Grande Couture is threatening to cave in unless purchasing power soon returns. I have a list here of seventeen of the forty "accepted" Paris houses, which are facing more or less immediate bankruptcy, and others are nearing the danger zone.

A DRESS PARADE IN A NIGHT CLUB: *Paris and London both display their modes in this fashion. In London, the dancing mannequin has made her appearance*

The central reason, we know.

"At the present moment," I am coached, "throughout the world where women wear clothes at all, men haven't got the money to pay for them—dress allowances curtailed. That's the only change in women's attitude towards the rue de la Paix. This is one subject on which women never will become sane." Presumably implying that Paris should dominate again, as of old, some day.

Contributing factors to the "crise," which has led to the opening up of co-operative feeding places for thousands of out-of-work premières, vendeuses, seconds, mannequins, work-girls, and the rest, are: the dearness of the franc; the fading out of mommas and hard-boiled daughters; satisfactory copying by little shops—around the corner; vulgarization of exclusive models; tariffs; French unpopularity; and an instinctive, common strike against the further foisting of grotesqueries.

For I believe women *are* becoming saner, under force majeure. A profane one visualizes a supercreator puffing pills of opium in the vain effort to squeeze just one further piece of absurd innovation from his played-out imagination; and the dressing Internationale at last saying: "no go." High optimism, this, I am aware; yet I have been taking soundings.

One such sounding resulted in this: "Paris models will still be Paris models, and avidly sought after as such, but the day of absolute domination is fast receding. The truth is some of the more recent attempts to dictate were just too foolish and impracticable. Long skirts for day. Absurd gloves. You see the new policy in offering twenty or thirty different styles to choose from instead of imposing one arbitrary uniform style. Perhaps women are really beginning to think more for themselves and to decide how they'll be dressed instead of following the latest fad.

"It's too absurd, Paris, everyone, from Madame la Comtesse to the midinette, all trotting about with the same genre of hat, frock, pocket, the same little parapluie and tint of stocking and style of shoe—just the material being different. If Paris says 'pink' to-morrow, and London replies 'green,' I think in future it's more likely to be green. We've had too much of an inferiority complex about French 'goût.' They can do it; but not every ten minutes, as they pretend to. Paris overreached itself of late."

You note I am extensively quoting. It is better so; safer. It does seem, though as if some severe thinking were being done to inaudible masculine applause, touching the unquenchable inspiration of post-War dress designing. An interesting reflection is: will the "tyranny of the dressmaker" return in more liberal times? Paul Poiret, in his *Dressing the Period*, pictures himself all his hectic career as a slave on bended knee awaiting the subtle communication of Madame's desiderata. He who says he did away with petticoats and corsets never moved raiment up or down until he caught the subtle wind.

"We are not capricious despots who decide, on rising in the morning, to puff out sleeves or suppress encolures (?). Better picture us as blind servants of woman ever thirsty for novelty. Our rôle is to spy the moment when she will be tired of this or that and to be ready with something more to her mood. We are armed with antennae, not with a ruler. I present myself before you not as a dictator but as a slave desirous of divining your hidden thoughts."

Unfortunately for the argument, a little later on occurs this:—

"But this dictator—who inspires his decisions? Nothing and nobody! He does what he wills and wills anything. He even has the right at any moment to contradict himself and to go counter to his decisions of the day before. Everybody grumbles, then obeys, finally applauds . . . there is a kind of provocation to common sense in it all."

While on p. 78 there is this cri du cœur:—

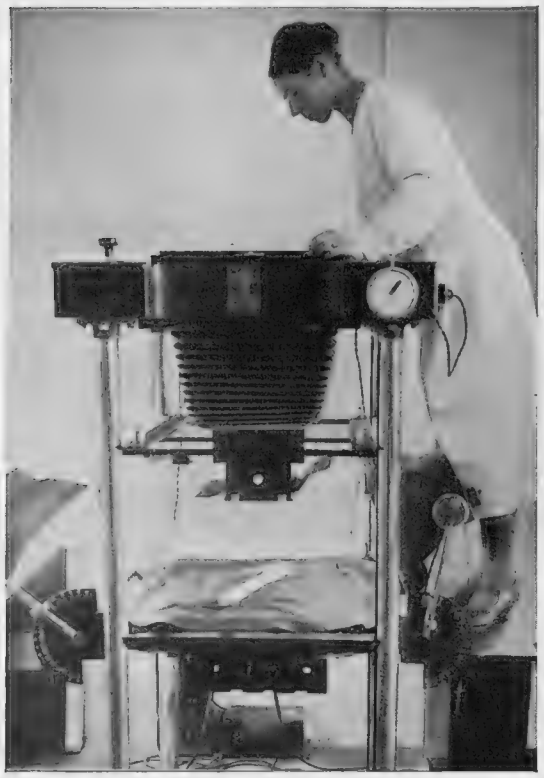
"Fashion to-day needs a new master. It requires a tyrant who will thrash it."

The upshot of it all, in so far as Paris is concerned, looks like being this: Certain sober and famed houses, which didn't run to swimming pools and extra dry on tap for clients, will carry quietly on. Many interlopers should fade right out. Other firms of repute are expected shortly to opt for "vulgarizing" their own models rather than let Americans and others continue doing so. A turning point has quite certainly been reached. For did the sacred "Anglo Saxons" of two hemispheres go the length of resuscitating the very Sumptuary Laws, they could hardly worry the rue de la Paix more than already is the case.

SPECTATORS AT A FASHION PARADE *used to be regaled with cocktails and champagne, but that, with the depression, has now given place to tea. Both sexes appear at such functions*

SCIENCE AND CRIME

Criminals of whose mental condition there is any doubt are sent to the Institute of Medical Jurisprudence, Berlin, which deals also with the scientific detection of crime. In addition, the Institute can, and does, decide in suits of disputed paternity; the tests used can prove that *x* cannot be the father of the child in question, but they are as yet unable to prove that *y* must



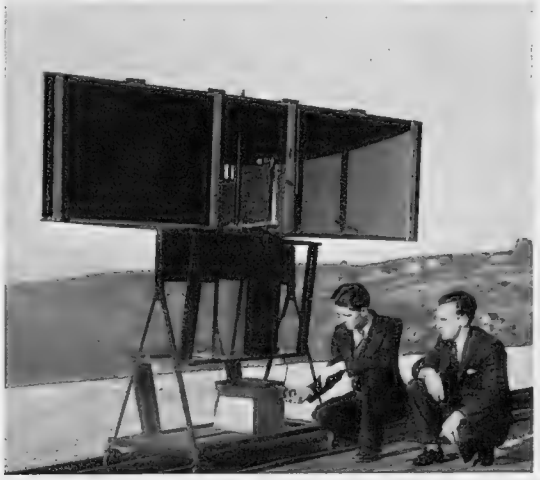
IN THE LABORATORY: The hatchet with which a murder was committed is photographed for bloodstains at the Institute of Medical Jurisprudence, Berlin, the court of highest appeal in German criminal procedure

LEST ERROR BE MADE: A child is "finger-printed" at the Institute of Medical Jurisprudence, Berlin (whose aid is invoked in such cases as those chronicled in the "Thorndyke" case books) lest any substitution occur

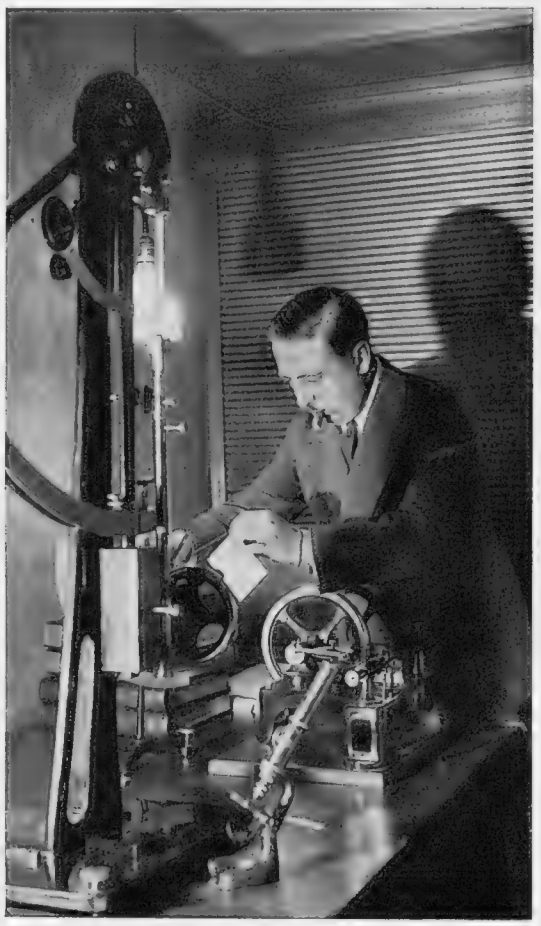
TO DETERMINE PARENTAGE in doubtful cases of divorce or affiliation, the Institute of Medical Jurisprudence, Berlin, resorts to blood-tests—a system which will exclude the innocent but not convict the guilty

SCIENCE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

THE SEISMOLOGIST, Mr. J. J. Shaw, C.B.E., M.Sc., who, in his underground laboratory at West Bromwich, located the recent earthquake at Santiago, Cuba, within fifteen minutes although 4,000 miles away



INTERPLANETARY COMMUNICATION? Equipment which utilises a parabolic mirror, by means of which a new ray can be projected through anything and may be the forerunner of Martian communication with the U.S.A.

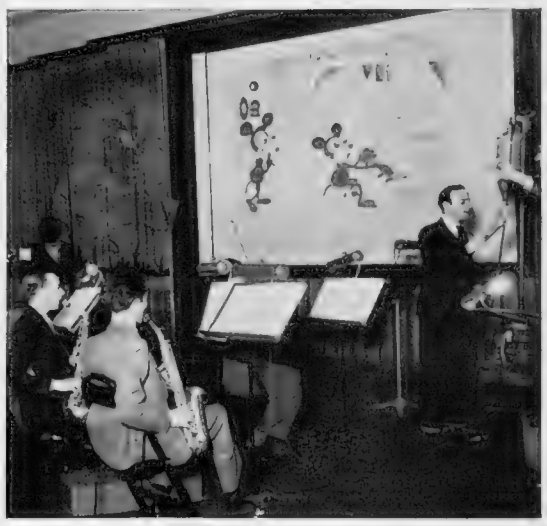


THE RESEARCH LABORATORY recently installed by the Dresdner Bank, is used to test the possibilities of duplicating or imitating scrip, both by optical means and by testing the paper in a "Tearing machine"

SCIENCE AND THE CINEMA

The making of moving picture cartoons, of which the most popular exponent is Micky Mouse, is a highly specialized branch of the industry. Sound effects are recorded after the silent film of the action has been recorded, the time being given by a white ball whose movements are determined by the exigencies of the plot; the sight and sound records are then matched and synchronized

TALKIE EFFECTS for animated cartoons are provided by all sorts of means from cigar-boxes to sheets of tin. A musician is seen above playing a penny whistle into the microphone for reproduction



SYNCHRONIZATION between sight and sound is obtained by the use of the white ball, whose movements have been already determined in the film and which is now used to guide the orchestra

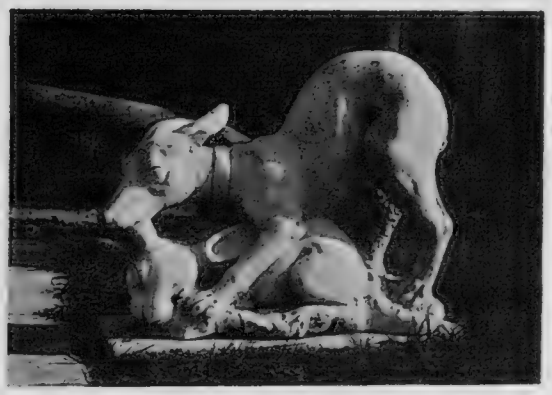
Pictures by Ewing Galloway

A TRACER AT WORK: His function is to trace on to celluloid from the artist's paper drawing and to fill in between the outlines with Indian ink. Both hands are used—the right to trace, the left to shade

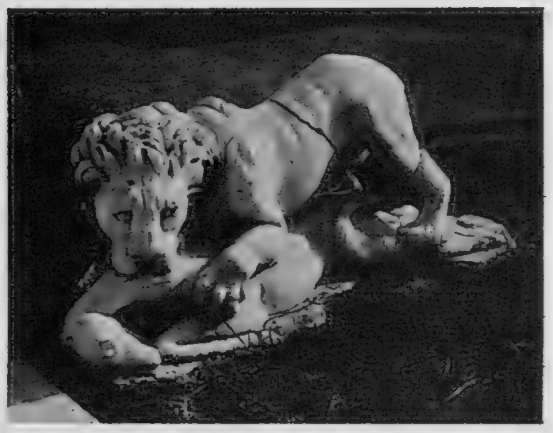
ROME and POMPEII REVEALED

EXCAVATION : Work in progress last week near the Temple of Minerva, with the three columns of the Temple of Mars Ultor in the background

A VICTIM OF EARTHQUAKE : A huge monolith from the library of Trajan, one of the largest and longest columns found in its entirety



THE HUNTER : A superb animal group in the true classic mode, found in the house of Lorejo Tiburtino, Pompeii



THE PREY : An extraordinarily vivid composition which expresses all the menace and ferocity of the king of beasts ; all the helplessness of the victim

ANCIENT AND MODERN : A colossal monolith in the library of Trajan, where new discoveries are daily being brought to light. It was destroyed by a violent earthquake. In the foreground is the Duchessa di Cesaro, a sister of Colonel Antonelli, the distinguished horseman famed at Olympia

THE INFANT HERAKLES strangling the snake, a relic found in Pompeii in the house of Lorejo Tiburtino

THE LAST OF THE FELINES : Before the extensive excavations were begun, the forum of Trajan was overrun with cats ; this is the last of them still frequenting the this magnificent concourse of old Rome

RELICS OF POMPEII : The oratorium of the Meandro Temple, one of the famous seats of religion still extant in the ruined city—a new picture

MOSAIC : An example of the exquisite work of classicism recently excavated in Pompeii. It shows a light-bearer *(Lucifer)* of the period, crowned with laurels

NOT ALL LACE IN BUSY

The Curtain Drawn from the Famous Curtain-making City, to Reveal It as an Elegant, Happy, and Prosperous Centre which is Enjoying Remarkable Good Fortune in an Era of Slump

By CHARLES GRAVES

(Author of "Gone Abroad")

THE LORD MAYOR OF NOTTINGHAM: Alderman W. Green who pays high tribute to both the beauty and the purity of the famous Nottingham "girls"

Nottingham is the most elegant city, except Edinburgh, that I have ever visited in Great Britain; and Edinburgh, after all, is not industrial. She is also very prosperous, considering all things. You will notice that I use the feminine gender. But then Nottingham is extremely feminine. You cannot get away from the girls. I had intended if possible to write this whole article without a reference to them, but it is impossible. Though the proportion of girls and women to men is not unusually high, the men seem to be in a great minority and the whole place seems to be run by and for the Nottingham girls. It is true, of course, that all the administrative posts are held by men. But it is the girls who predominate in the factories and whom you see in the streets. Even the shops seem unusually feminine—florists, fruit shops, chocolate shops, and shops which sell underwear and silk stockings seeming to predominate.

If I were to be alliterative I should say that Nottingham is a city of belles, bowling greens, bicycles, and boulevards. Or again, a city of cinemas, silk stockings, and cigarettes. You could go on through the alphabet like this with ease. For Nottingham is a city of character. Practically all the taxicabs are big Daimlers, many of them with disc wheels. Their meters show character, too. The deputy town clerk told me that he made the same journey on three consecutive evenings last week, and the meters of the three different taxis showed "2s. 3d.," "3s. 3d.," and "4s." respectively, although none of them was held up in any traffic route.

Architecturally Nottingham already deserves its self-imposed title of "Queen of the Midlands" and, in a hundred years' time, when the red brick, with which so much of the city is built, has mellowed further, it will be a very pretty city indeed. It certainly has the most elegant Council-house in the British Isles. So elegant is it that the Prime Minister of Rumania is asking permission of the city council to make a reproduction of it in Bukarest. It is only three years old, built of white stone, and Grecian in design. Formerly a rather ramshackle building known as "The Exchange" existed there, with odd little butchers' shops and even a shambles underneath. The Council-house must have cost nearly a million pounds. Fine shops as smart as anything in Regent Street take up most of the ground floor. There is a long arcade inside as well as a tall archway, through which a man in the "Black Boy" can wave to his friend in the four-ale bar of the "Flying Horse" eighty yards away. Out in front is the renamed Council Square with fountains and flagged pavements. It is said to be the biggest square in Europe. It is certainly one of the handsomest.

CLIPPERS AT WORK: The last processes through which Nottingham lace has to pass. The lace is seen stretched on a dressing frame. The scene was taken in Birkin's lace factory

You can see already that I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Nottingham, which I had never visited before. I will go so far as to say that if I could not live in London and had to live in the provinces, I would choose Nottingham every time. There is no skyline of belching factory chimneys. The air is not heavy with smoke. The people are lively, and though the men are rather on the small size—I saw only two who were over 6 ft. in height throughout my stay—the girls are pretty and smart. Nottingham girls, indeed, have a reputation for dashing beauty which has extended throughout the country. "The Nottingham girls," said the white-haired lord mayor to me, "are second to none for beauty, and their purity is unassailable." I should not venture to contradict this statement, especially as the lord mayor went on to say that he had been brought up in the slums and had slept in out-houses, and so he knew all about Nottingham girls from the lowest stratum upwards. Moreover, he thumped his desk as he said it.

Nottingham is still considered by many people in terms solely of lace, but that is very much out of date. The proprietor of the "Black Boy" would not be on a luxury cruise in the West Indies now if lace were all that Nottingham manufactured. Gone are the days when the operatives used to drive out to their work in hansom cabs, and earned £8 or £9 a week. That was in the 'eighties, when a well-dressed woman would wear a couple of dozen yards of lace in the way of trimmings and petticoats. To-day the most that the most skilled employee gets is about £3 a week, for they work in six-hour shifts, and even then far fewer are employed than in the past.

THE OLDEST INN IN ENGLAND: "The Trip to Jerusalem," dating back to 1189, at which Crusaders used to halt for refreshment *en route* to the Holy Land

WEAVING MACHINES AT WORK: One of the newer Nottingham industries is the manufacture of hosiery; and there is considerable local demand for the products. The picture was taken in the Lewis hosiery factory

No, Nottingham is very lucky that, just at the time when the lace industry was starting to slide the son of a herbalist in Goosegate took over his father's shop and started to expand. For that was the late Lord Trent, and to-day Boots have more than 5,000 employees in Nottingham alone, and are building a new ferro-concrete factory which will be the biggest of its kind in Europe. Nottingham was also extremely fortunate, though she did not know it at the time, that a Mr. John Player bought out a small tobacco firm called William Wright and Co., and then proceeded to expand so fast that the latest factory is the largest under one roof in the world, and gives employment to 6,000 people. Another stroke of luck for Nottingham was the decision of a Mr. Charles Bowden to give up the law and take up the manufacture of bicycles. Mr. Bowden started in Raleigh Street with six employees, and to-day the Raleigh Bicycle Company, under the direction of Sir Harold Bowden, employs between 3,500 and 5,000 people. Further good fortune attended Nottingham when enterprizing manufacturers turned their attention to silk stockings. There is a firm in Nottingham which in the past few years has increased its premises five times and its employees seven times; and there are others I visited which in the past few weeks have increased their business by 15 per cent.

Apart from these outstanding industries (which are so prosperous that the manager of a tourist agent's office in Nottingham tells me that dozens of work-girls have booked accommodation in the luxury liners which are making a speciality of holiday-cruises this year), the articles made in Nottingham include furniture, gypsum, surgical instruments, perambulators, adding machines, and wicker-work. Perhaps, however, we had better get the lace industry finished first. Well, lace is beginning once again to make a little headway as a result of our going off the Gold Standard. But it is never going to return to its former glories until our wives, sisters, and sweethearts start wearing petticoats instead of undies again. I had a long conversation with the secretary of the Federated Lace Manufacturers, and it was rather a gloomy one. The trade is, however, so dependent on the vagaries of fashion, and fashion is so notoriously fickle, that he hopes the ebb will turn into a flow again. But he had to admit that modern architecture has improved so much, and casement windows (with casement curtains) have become so popular, that the lace curtain side of the business has not very much to look forward to. The return of lace fans is problematical. He hoped, though, that slips would grow longer with the longer dresses, because he thought that the softer materials would need something underneath—when dresses were made once more to hang from the hips instead of being swathed tightly round them as they are now. He also hoped that people would disabuse themselves of the idea that the cheap lace curtains in the poorer English homes were the best that the English lace manufacturing firms could produce. Then he showed me samples of lace which could be readily mistaken for the best French varieties, and reminded me that *broderie anglaise* had a big success last year, and perhaps some other new "line" would come into fashion. But it seemed to be more a question of hoping than of prophesying, despite the Abnormal Importations Act last December which helped a great deal, and the permanent demand for mosquito netting.

THE "DRAWING-ROOM" in Birkin's has done its work, the lace is scoured later dried by fans. This process now 6d. to 8d. per hour for a fifty-hour week

I then went out to a lace factory which was founded more than a hundred years ago. I do not know how many of you have ever seen the process, but it is an interesting one, when you can find a machine that is working. The one I saw was 200 in. wide, and you could see everything happening from the yarn to the completed piece, which is the width of the machine. It appears that the unit of progress is the rack, which means 1,920 consecutive movements of the machinery. When the lace which is being made is loose, and therefore inexpensive, as much as a yard can be made per rack. When it is more closely woven, only about 9 in. can be manufactured. When the piece is completed, it is scoured and then dyed. Next, it goes through the dress (which is a starchy liquid); then it is stretched on dressing frames, in a room sixty yards long, and dried by dozens of huge fans

A DANCING CITY: Professionals at the Palais de Danse. The standard of Terpsichorean skill among the Nottingham public far exceeds that of most amateurs

NOTTINGHAM TO-DAY

lace factory, Nottingham. After the rack and then dyed. Thereafter it is dressed and takes place, and twenty girls, earning from draw the loose threads from the material

which go flapping round like great bats. Next, girls draw the loose threads from the top in the drawing-room. There is also the clipping to be done, by which time the lace has reached the completed state. There were only twenty girls in the drawing-room [*sic*] instead of sixty, and their earnings range from 6½d. to 8d. an hour in a fifty-hour week. This works out at a little over thirty shillings a week for the best paid girls, and much less for the others. No wonder the girls of Nottingham who can get jobs in the hosiery factories, or the cigarette factory, or with Boots, or with the bicycle people, prefer the extra money.

At one of the hosiery and underwear factories the girls can earn as much as £3 a week. My photographer and I were taken into a great room where 450 girls were industriously working, under the charge of a single man, Mr. Henry Beacroft. They ranged in age from sixteen to twenty-three, though one or two over thirty had not married and were still at work. They wore all kinds of clothes and all colours of the rainbow. But they had a natural vanity in common. As soon as they saw the photographer they produced powder puffs and combs. Down below were the knitting machines operated by men. Thousands of white cones spun round on hundreds of machines. It was like a scene from *A Nous La Liberté*, that new French film of Réné Clair. The men stood around while the machines worked at twenty-four hour shifts.

From here we drove to the cigarette factory, where we saw the cigarette made, stamped, packed, and delivered inside its cellophane wrapper with transfer and cigarette card complete. Here we were told of the original cigarette card—a girl bending back with a tobacco leaf framing her face. It was used as a stiffener, because cigarettes were sold in those days in paper packages. To this day cigarette cards are called "stiffeners" in the trade. The advertising manager who showed us round said that when he joined the firm thirty-five years ago there were only 300 hands, and that the growth of the firm coincided exactly with its ever increasing advertising, *verb. sap.* He then took us round the factory. A lovely fragrance met us at once. So large is the factory that the girls all have to wear distinguishing lapels to show which department employs them. Thus, red indicates the box-room, khaki the leaf-room, claret the office, violet the packing-room, blue the cigarette-making section, and champagne the restaurant. In the restaurant they serve a thousand lunches every day for those girls who do not go home for the midday meal. Here, for sixpence, they get a complete luncheon with meat, vegetables, and sweets. That shows what organization can do.

The origin of the success of the firm lies in the decision of the late Mr. John Player to weigh and pack his tobacco in packets before selling it. Until then a man would go into a shop and have his ounce of shag weighed in front of him. In those days it was all pipe-tobacco. As far as Player's is concerned, cigarettes are only forty-five years old, though their popularity originated after the Crimean War, when English officers captured by the Russians returned home with the cigarette-smoking habit firmly ingrained.

At this point it might be as well to refer to the extraordinary efforts made by Nottingham manufacturers to keep their employees contented. The sites occupied by this tobacco firm extend to forty-five acres, of which no fewer than twenty are used for recreation. The same proportion is observed by the other successful firms, and this all goes to improve still further the charm of Nottingham. Another firm with magnificent buildings and magnificent recreation grounds is Raleigh's. Here I spoke to the general manager about the trade, and was told that what they had lost to the baby car they had more than made up in the increased demand for push-bicycles, of which they make thirty-three varieties. For the motor-bicycle business seems to be distinctly on the down grade. The earning capacity of the working classes has decreased, while parents whose sons want motor-bicycles are inclined to think that they would be safer in small cars. On the other hand, the hiking movement last year, together with the increased public interest in health and out-of-door exercise, is making a tremendous increase in the demand for bicycles. Hike-biking is likely to be the successor to hiking this summer, and through this firm Nottingham will once again benefit. At the head offices I was shown a bicycle which was returned last week after thirty years. It belonged to a doctor in Bodmin who had ridden 50,000 miles on it. Bicycles-made-for-two are manufactured only in Birmingham now. It will be interesting to see whether hike-biking increases the demand for them.

THE COUNCIL-HOUSE, negotiations for permission to reproduce which in Bukarest are now in progress. The Goose Fair has, however, been abolished

THE HOSIERY QUEEN: Miss Nora Bancroft at the cutting-table in the Lewis hosiery factory. All the pictures given here were specially taken for "The Sphere" during Mr. Graves's visit last week

And now for Mr. Edwin Waring, the doyen of Nottingham's industrialists. Mr. Waring has lived in Nottingham for more than half a century, and was the first chemist ever employed by Jesse Boot in the early 'eighties. He is a grand old man, bearded, witty, and with a remarkable memory. He has seen Boots grow from a single little shop to the present moment when two-and-a-half million bills are checked and sorted every week at the head office. "Jesse Boot was a marvellous man," he said. "It was a tragedy that he became such an invalid. In the old days he knew every hill and dale in Derbyshire, and thought nothing of a 25-mile walk with me. Then in 1901 his rheumatoid arthritis began. First he limped; then he walked with one stick; then with two; then with a crutch; then he had a wheeled chair; then he had to be carried; it was also so gradual that it was hard to realize what was happening. But let me talk of the old days when down in Goosegate we used to sell tinned salmon and all kinds of things in the little shop, until he conceived the idea of cutting prices and having a quick turnover on a cash basis. As the son of a herbalist, Jesse had a good knowledge of drugs, but in view of the Pharmacy Act he brought me into his business, and I started dispensing. To-day we have a formula committee which meets at least twice a week, and there are thousands of formulæ upstairs.

"Jesse showed himself to be a marvel at guessing what the public wanted. He would choose some article that was not selling well, but was generally used, and then exploit it to the full. Take Epsom Salts. In those days chemists used to sell Epsom Salts at two ounces for three-halfpence. Jesse Boot sold it at seven pounds for sixpence. . . . Then he went after soft soap, which in those days had to be dug out of a barrel for each customer—a nasty, messy business. Jesse put it in cartons and sold it at 2½d. a pound instead of fourpence. You see, in those days chemists had a very small turnover, because they were unenterprising, and so charged very heavy prices. That was Jesse's chance, and you can see how well he took it when I tell you that I am hoping confidently to be still with the firm when it opens its thousandth branch. There are already 992."

So much for the industries of Nottingham. Come with me to the leading dance hall. Hundreds of girls are dancing. There are not enough young men to go round. But those that do, dance exceptionally well. There are dozens of schools of dancing in Nottingham, and their pupils reflect the highest credit on their teachers. Steps that only the floor-warmers at Ciro's and the Savoy would attempt, are performed with ridiculous ease by countless couples. About 750 people dance here every night, and it is open until midnight and after. Coloured lights and crooning foxtrots, evening dress and day clothes, professional dance-partners, crowded tables, a fountain in the centre of the floor—it is a kaleidoscopic scene and makes one realize that at Nottingham dancing, both as an exercise and a pastime, has a tighter hold than anywhere else in Great Britain.

Yes, Nottingham is a lively place. At my hotel there were no fewer than five bars. What other city in the provinces can boast a hotel like that? One of the barmen told me that on a single evening last week he sold no fewer than 150 half-pints of Pimms No. 1, and that cost 2s. a time; quite apart from champagne cocktails, sidecars, and other short drinks.

But what do the older men of Nottingham do? The answer is that they are great bowlers. There are seventeen public bowling greens, 86 clubs and 4,000 bowlers, and they claim to have the best players in the country. They have challenged the English Bowling Association to a couple of needle matches this summer, and I gather that they are likely to win both of them. Nottingham is also famous for its cricketers, though it is never likely to return to the glories of the old days of Arthur Shrewsbury; for its rock cellars and sandstone caves, which are ideal for conditioning wines, and are said to have been the home of Robin Hood; and finally for its ancient taverns. The Trip to Jerusalem is the oldest in England, being founded in 1189. It owes its name to the Crusaders who stopped at this inn for refreshment on their way to the Holy Land. It is a quaint little place beneath Nottingham Castle. The majority of the rooms are caverns scooped out of the living rock. You can guess how good the home brewed ale tastes when kept in its cool cellars. There are also the "Salutation Inn" and the "Flying Horse."

ENDING UP IN SMOKE! A corner of the packing room in Player's factory. The fires of industry are burning fast in this comparatively modern phase of Nottingham's commercial life

But I must not end on this bibulous note, and in any case I have made no reference to the wonderful University erected at the cost of half-a-million pounds by the late Lord Trent; nor to the pretty gardens; nor to the Park; nor to Newstead Abbey and its associations with Byron; nor even to the Fools of Gotham; nor to Friar Tuck and Little John, frescoes of whom appear in the Council-house. Friar Tuck, incidentally, bears a remarkable resemblance to a leading Nottingham barrister, while Little John is hardly distinguishable from Albert Iremonger, the famous goal-keeper. Little John is also the name of the great hour bell of the Council clock. He weighs only a fraction less than Big Ben, and can be heard five miles away. Fortunately they stop him at 11 p.m. though they start him again at 6.15 a.m., which shows that, while Nottingham is a pleasure-loving city, she is no gad-about, and does her day's work as well as any ugly industrial centre.

OVER 5,000 GIRLS are employed in Nottingham alone in the gigantic organization built up by the late Lord Trent (Jesse Boot)

RECRUITING THE SWISS ARMY

RECRUITS OF THE SWISS ARMY: Conscription is in force in the Alpine Republic and the military forces are organized with a thoroughness to be expected of the great nation of *hôteliers*. Those who are fit (a high standard is set, up to which most of the hardy race come) serve annually for from 12 to 16 days after a period of 67, 72 or 95 days (according to the branch to which they may be sent) intensive training; the unfit pay a military tax on the order of scutage

NEW SOLDIERS OF THE SWISS ARMY: Each man's uniform is kept by him at his house, so that in every homestead (save those of the rare unfit) an army rifle is part of the furnishing. A cavalryman pays half the cost of his horse on acquirement and, after his 95 days' training, keeps it at home and may use it at his own work; after 7 years it becomes his own property

LINING UP FOR INSPECTION: A batch of new recruits with their luggage—usually wicker—formed up in the snow. The man in uniform has been on sick leave after an illness and has therefore come up for a second inspection

ANTI-DERMATITIS INSPECTION: An M.O. considers the hands of recruits for fear of scabies or other infectious skin diseases

SETTLING IN: Despite the fact that these lads, most of whom are 19, may not know one another and may have been torn away from luxurious homes, they find their new surroundings in no way depressing to their spirits. The gloom traditionally associated (in minds that deplore conscription) with conscripts is conspicuously absent

There is a small country in the middle of Europe which has been chosen for the seat of the League of Nations' activities, and rightly so, for Switzerland is eminently a pacifist country surrounded on all sides by more powerful neighbours; nevertheless it has an extremely efficient army, a fact that few people realize, an army, moreover, that presents several very distinguishing features in its organization. Many who have been in Switzerland in the winter will have seen the Swiss Army ski-ing complete with rifles and packs, a sight well calculated to turn the less skilled of us green with envy. The pictures on this page show various aspects of the recruiting of the army maintained by this most efficient Republic wherein every physically able man is a trained soldier ready to defend his country at a moment's notice, whilst those not up to the standard of physical fitness (and these are comparatively very few) or those domiciled or engaged upon business in a foreign country bear their share of the duties of citizenship by payment of a military tax. Such an organization, more so than any other modern one, presents a great similarity to that prevailing in the most nearly perfect of all polities—the Greek City State of the fifth century B.C.

Every young man of nineteen years or over receives an order to present himself at the centre chosen for his particular locality; whereupon in the presence of a commanding officer and a medical officer he goes through a series of rigorous tests. His height must be not less than 1.56 metres, and his chest measurement must be half his respective height; his biceps are examined and measured, and his eyes tested. Following success in these preliminary tests he must run 100 metres in fifteen seconds, and be proficient in the long jump of not less 3.50 metres, and be able to lift a weight from 20 kilograms by both the left and the right arm four times, when the physical test is concluded; those very nearly fit will come up for inspection the following year; the unfit return and must pay the Military Tax.

Next comes the testing of the mental qualifications of the recruit. He must write some composition on, for instance, the calling which he pursues in private life, or the country he lives in; he must pass a mathematical test and know sufficient of the geography and history of his country.

Having fulfilled all requirements their various duties are assigned to each recruit according to the nature of his occupation in private life; the electrician for example will be used in the telephone and telegraph units, the architect and the engineer will become sappers, all those whose profession is a technical one being sent either to the sappers or the artillery, while a peasant, or others who have worked with horses, will join the cavalry; the mountaineer of course will be sent to the mountain brigades.

The new recruits are sent to a school and trained for service for a period of sixty-seven, seventy-two, or ninety-five days, according as each man is infantry, artillery, cavalry, etc. After the initial service each man returns home with his kit, and comes up for a yearly service of from twelve to sixteen days for seven consecutive years, after which period he comes up for a yearly inspection, and to carry out a shooting programme.

A speciality of the Swiss Army is that a cavalryman pays half the cost of his horse on acquirement, and at the end of his ninety-five days' service keeps it at home and may use it in his work; at the end of seven years it automatically becomes his property. Likewise, all other soldiers keep all their kit at home, which principle is a great aid to speedy mobilization. In *every* home in Switzerland is to be found a Swiss Army rifle.

The efficiency of the Swiss forces is exactly what one would expect considering German proximity and the national attention of the Swiss to questions of commissariat.

OUT OF DOORS IN THE U.S.A.

Ewing Galloway

MANSIONS IN THE SOUTH: An aerial view of the east end of Palm Island, one of the artificial islands built in Biscayne Bay, between Miami proper and Miami Beach, during the great Florida boom. Five large homes set in grounds which display to great advantage both the art of the landscape gardener and the luxuriousness of American taste in boom periods

"TOWN AND COUNTRY"! Miss Pola Negri talks to Na Glee Nonaba (Peace-Maker) while recuperating at Palm Springs, California. This is the traditional native costume of the district

Fairchild Aerial Survey

MONTAUK POINT: This is one of the most dangerous spots on the Atlantic seaboard of the States. It is set at the easterly end of Long Island, some 130 miles from New York. In the foreground is one of the new relics of the pre-mass production era—a windmill. Montauk Point divides the Atlantic from the usually placid waters of Long Island Sound

FISHERMAN'S WHARF: A popular spot in San Francisco where the Italian fishermen dock their boats, mend their nets and sell their fish. Housewives and visitors alike throng the wharf in search of fresh crustaceans

A RESORT OF A PRESIDENT: The State Game Lodge Hotel, where President Coolidge spent his summer vacation in '27, is set at 4,230 ft. above sea level in the centre of the 122,440 acres of Custer Park, Black Hills, South Dakota. Its mountain air, and cold crystalline water, are famous. In connection with the Lodge, a medium-priced hotel, camp grounds, a store, a garage, a restaurant, a dance-hall and a golf links are organized

THE U.S. RIVIERA: A typical group at Palm Beach, Florida, where cosmopolitan plutocracy forgathers in the winter. The scene in its polychromatic gaiety, recalls the South of France

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THE CHANGE OF FOXES

Drawn by LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

It is rare that so exquisite an actuality as this can have been recorded by an artist's brush, for there are few spots in England so lovely as the environs of Kingston Deverill in the County of Wiltshire. Mr. Lionel Edwards has recorded this incident with the South and West Wilts—probably the oldest pack of fox-hounds in England, for the fifth Lord Arundell of Wardour Castle kept a pack between 1690 and 1700. The present-day hunt is also

notable for its M.F.H., Mr. Isaac Bell, who is known as one of the finest amateur huntsmen in the country.

The incident shown is an unusual one—the change of foxes. After a long run a fox will make for the gorse seen in the foreground, and put up another; this fresh fox will, probably, be sighted either by a shepherd or by some member of the hunt, and pursued eagerly; he has, however, a good chance of getting away owing to his absolute freshness, while hounds are weary with their previous efforts. The cunning beast first pursued lies doggo in the gorse. Such a change—admittedly a rarity—is more frequent in this particular gorse than in any other part of the country hunted by this pack and a fox that knows the country makes for this area if in any way possible.

SHIPS OF THE DESERT AND THE SKY: A scene on the North-West Frontier where the earliest type of transport is to be found cheek by jowl with the most up-to-date. It is the men who fly these machines who become transfigured from ordinary men into gods with the take-off—affronting the stupendous majesty of Himalaya and seeing, thousands of feet below, warring tribes, "pygmy and far away"

THE KOHAT PASS ROAD: An impressive aerial picture of a famous highway. Flying even over the foothills is a dangerous and bumpy business. The villages which cannot be seen are infested with Afridi tribesmen who, by night, raid the British-controlled villages and take by day pot shots at low-flying machines

ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: The air-post to Aravali, hard by the Khyber Pass. The vivid description of a layman's experiences when, piloted by a divinity with pith helmet for crown, he was flown over the hostile territory near the frontier of Afghanistan, appears on this page

WITH THE FRONTIER AIR GUARD

The mechanics were patting and petting the great aeroplane when the Squadron-Leader came out of his office. He walked across the sun-swept concrete of the aerodrome adjusting his flying topee and goggles, and complaining of the heat.

"We should have got away earlier," he said, "but I'm chained to that office these days." An ordinary man he was—liable to complain about the heat, insistent on his daily exercise, liking to go to the club and talk politics every night. Then he climbed into the cockpit, and became a god, a ruler in an oily flying pith helmet, a king.

The mechanics were winding crank handles, moving the blocks, and talking entirely unintelligibly. For a few moments there was no answer from the great engine rearing up its snout ahead. One of the mechanics went and smelt the exhaust pipe, as if his patient were suspected of halitosis. Then there was a roar, and they came to help me into the parachute.

Clambering clumsily in, I took up that position just behind the godhead in the topee. He waved an arm, and the mechanics, two of them, sat on the tail and bent their heads forward, expecting the strain.

There was a blast of hot air that seared and burnt my face. There was a roar that must have echoed round the great plain. I looked down at the mechanics. They were pressing against the tempest, partly obscured by the dust and sand. They were straining statues typifying sacrifice for the giant which took their breath away with its fiery breath, while they pitted their tiny bodies against the fury for their own preservation. Then the squadron-leader decelerated, and the tempest abated. He was satisfied, and waved another signal.

Wheeling and facing the hills we bumped away, and the blast of air grew hotter, seemed to pluck at the cheeks and actually flattened the nostrils if you turned sideways. Up and up till the higher air was cooler. And down below we saw the neat garden, green and luscious, that is the cantonment of Peshawar, North-West Frontier.

An arm came from the godhead. I took the note. "Government of India," it read. "For use in the air only." Underneath, in his boyish scribble, "Kajura Plain. Note Fort Salop on right. Besai Ridge on right away."

Below was the square sand-coloured encampment, unshaded, desolate. A little track led to it out of the huge, uninhabited plain. It was white-washed, and even from this height you could see that insistence of the British Army of regular, straight lines, tidiness, cleanliness. Fort Salop, one of the dreariest, hottest, least comfortable communities in which lonely white men of the type of this godhead with pith for a crown, were doomed to sojourn.

We bumped. The air, cool now from those mountains with the white crests, struck us again from a new angle. It threatened to pluck my borrowed flying topee from my head and swivelled my goggles. The godhead, I noticed, had taken off his goggles. His blue eyes were accustomed to wind, or it may be that when in his element in the heights he forgets the body and its cares.

The bumps were explained. Great, grim teeth, holding no verdure, offering no pasture, nor shade, nor habitation, rose up from the plain. They were followed by ridges, and between them ran the nearly-dry bed of a stream. They were terrifying, unlovely heights. They were frightening even when treated with the contempt the godhead felt for them from his 5,000 ft. They had been always like that, alone in the cockpit of the East, barring the way of two great nations, and feasted upon by lonely men and brigandly.

The arm shot back again with a note. "Shin Kamar Pass" his pencil had traced. "Leading into Bara Valley. Note cave dwellings on side of nullahs."

There they were, and to indicate them he dipped a wing contemptuously, the most magnificent and almighty gesture a man can make with an aeroplane.

There they were, the caves where the Afridis spent their days during the frequent trouble, swooping down at night to try their luck with stolen rifles at the British camps. And if a 'plane passed low, they would take sporting shots at the great thing above them, with the carelessness of a man shooting rooks.

Another note: "You are now in the Bara Valley."

I looked back. The hills were all round us now. The plain seemed far away. The bare arm, tanned and hirsute, came back again: "All hostile territory now until we get to Kohat Pass." Then, while I read the note, we swooped and swerved, came round on a sharp-tilted angle, and made for the huge scarred rift in the hills to the left. Kohat. The same four-square orderliness. A cloud of dust where cavalry moved. Straight lines, a joy to the cubist, a puzzle to the tribesman in his glorious untidiness.

"Nowshera Post," said another note. More hills, and a note to say: "All these villages on right harboured Afridis last summer." Then straight ahead the deeper scar of the Khyber, and huge orderly Jamrud. We were facing again into the hills, towards the snow-caps, towards Afghanistan, Russia, the far North. The godhead was omnipotent. I did not know how far he would go over those inhospitable sheer mountains.

There was no sign below of the engineering genius that has made the Khyber. Only here and there could I see the white-faced tunnels, like the mouths of niggers, in the grim hills. There was no sign of the railway which dived into them. And we were going on and on till once more there was a flat space, and then perhaps one day we might land. On and behind that godhead in the pith crown.

But we turned like a flash. A swoop, and the ground was directly below my right shoulder. We tipped more steeply still, and the wind pulled at my chest. Then we were round, facing Jamrud and the Plain again, and I found the god had been writing a note again. "Bazaar Valley" it said laconically.

Back to the pleasant garden which hid the engines of death, the rattle of war. We circled over Peshawar City, tumbled and chaotic, its secrets well down in the caverns of that terrible city. We were going down. Those silver insects had been aeroplanes after all. We were on the plane of normality once more. Bumped and bumped again. Taxied to a stop.

The godhead stood up and clambered out. When I had prized myself out he was standing with his helmet on the back of his head. He seemed an ordinary man.

"Bit hot under 3,000 ft.," he said. "Like it? Well, see you at the club to-night. . . ."

V. B.

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE

THIRTY GUNS COLLECT 550 WHITE HARES: A white hare drive was held over the Clava and Nairnside estates, near Inverness, a few days ago. Its purpose was to relieve distress among the unemployed of the district which has suffered with the diminution of entertaining consequent on the slump. Thirty guns went out, and the bag totalled 550 white hares. Unemployed acted as beaters and were given payment in kind—being rewarded with gifts of game

WHERE WHITE SHEEP LOOK BLACK: A scene in the Cotswolds, near Cheltenham, during the recent cold snap and its attendant snow-fall. Additional work is involved by such weather for, when the earth is covered, the farmers have to carry food to both sheep and cattle which otherwise would starve

"ELEVENSES": A mid-morning scene in East Yorkshire after strenuous work harrowing, when tea tastes best

A MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY! A trio of youthful visitors interest—and are interested by—the Hampshire Down sheep in the pen of a Cholsey, Berks, farm

HAND FEEDING Is the order of the day in winter for the deer in Richmond Park

BOOKS—

"Of Making Many *Bad* Books There is No End!": The Literary Stimulator: Jejune Sincerity: Fantasia on the Tin Whistle

By CECIL ROBERTS

Having read six novels this week and found four of them rubbish, I started wondering who is responsible for this drenching of the public with crudely-written books. On turning to the end pages setting forth the criticism of former books by these authors I came to the conclusion that the fault for so much bad work lay with the critics and the publishers rather than with the authors. There are some people born with the writer's itch: nothing will stop them writing—bad notices, poor sales, neglect, none of these things will check the ceaseless flow. The worse the author the more prolific he generally is. I have heard many good authors bitterly complain that they are written out, that ideas come so slowly that they spend agonizing months waiting for the next creative flow. But the second-rate author is never at a loss for plots, ideas, and words. He is often the victim of kindness, too.

About a year ago there was a very young man who wrote and published his first novel. It was a mediocre piece of work, and should have died unwept, unhonoured, and unsung. He might then have turned to some easier and more reliable form of livelihood. But a certain critic, subject to literary hysteria, during the attack of which I have known him to exhaust the resources of the English language in his attempt to herald a "masterpiece," decided the young novelist was a genius, and carelessly told him so. The publisher, naturally overjoyed, advertised this praise widely, and straightway "signed up" the young man, with a contract providing him with an advance of £600 on each of his next three books.

Elated at his good fortune the young author quarrelled with his shrewd father, left college, took a flat in Paris, and embarked on the bohemian life which he imagined was the correct mode of existence for a genius. His second novel was rubbish, his third novel is rubbish. These two last works of his prove one thing conclusively. He is not a writer, he has never learned how to write, and but for Mr. Boom's hysteria, he would be happier in the obscurity from which he should never have emerged.

MR. RICHARD PRYCE whose delicate and leisurely masterpiece of *belles lettres*, *Morgan's Yard* (Collins), was reviewed last week. He adapted *Thunder on the Left*, by Christopher Morley, to the stage

There was a time when publishers were notoriously slow to encourage young writers. They are now recklessly willing to do so. A first novel obtaining any small degree of praise will at once ensure a substantial "advance" upon the next book. The young man novelist at once sees a means of escape from the office stool, imagines himself leading the pleasant life of a celebrity, and is thus embarked upon a long, miserable career with paltry rewards and no distinction. There are dozens of scribblers to-day who can never hope to rise above the Plimsoll line. At any moment they are liable to sink. The tragedy is that they should ever have been launched. Wild criticism and wild "advances" from publishers are responsible for these unseaworthy ships setting sail on the perilous sea of literature.

Four of the novels I have read this week could only emerge in a world where criticism has lost all standards. "He is the most significant writer of the day" runs an extract from one criticism. Bad grammar, a pedestrian style, no sense of dialogue, a complete absence of original thought, a realism that mistakes bawdy violence for strength, these are the things I find in Mr. X's book. A hard-working, obscure sub-editor in Fleet Street could teach him things about the writing of English of which he has not yet a glimmering sense. Yet he will go on, sustained by a publisher's trustful "advance" and by Mr. Boom's idiocy. A weed, his rapid growth will obstruct the progress of some more delicate and worthy bloom, for he will never wilt, be the shower of praise withheld for ever. He will grow along the lending library shelves like a hardy tendril of ivy choking everything that will give him support. These nevergreen evergreens, once planted, seem ineradicable.

Let us turn to an efficient workman, a man of genius, prolific yet always vital. I allude to that hardy perennial, Mr. H. G. Wells. Every year he needs pruning badly, every year he sends out new shoots with astonishing vigour. You can lop down his fantastic branches, on which perch birds of the strangest plumage, but he will burgeon again. He has put right a wilfully wrong world on quite a dozen occasions. He has taken all history, all biology into his province, as well as fiction, politics, and floor games. Now here he is again taking us by the buttonhole and talking with such fascination that we cannot get away during the whole 700 pages of this immense, garrulous, discursive inquiry into *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind* (Heinemann 10s. 6d.).

I seldom agree with Mr. Wells. He has so many bees that they have burst his bonnet. But there is no one with whom disagreement gives me so much joy and stimulus. He lives in that superoxygenated air that he would like to see pumped into the House of Commons. He wants life to move like a quick-motion film. Take his criticism of the House of Commons. It is deadly, he holds it up to immense ridicule. How can a nation hope to survive which persists in such idiocy, such obstinate outworn fetishes? Even the building itself should be demolished. Since no great business combine would dream of carrying on its work in a building a hundred years old, we should build an up-to-date House of Commons. "It would have the soundest, best-equipped structure conceivable, with every possible device and convenience to ensure the well being and facilitate the operations of its directors."

In this building each of the elected persons would have a private room, well-lit and fitted with a telephone, special information and news-tickers, properly encased in sound-proof covers, works of reference, and everything that science could do to speed up efficiency. Stenographers, dactylographers, a vast and up-to-date library, good committee rooms, elevators, all these should be found in the new House. Mr. Wells is filled with derision at the thought of the Houses of Parliament.

"They look as if a late-Gothic cathedral had had an illegitimate child by a Flemish town hall. Close acquaintance suggests that the architects first designed the exterior, and then rather inattentively fitted in an interior."

This sounds deadly criticism, but on examination it is all a little extravagant, a little in that vein of burlesque that Mr. Wells can never quite avoid. It happens, as we know, that the most flourishing businesses often occupy and succeed with the most inadequate accommodation. One of the most successful publishing firms I know carries on its operations in a series of ill-lit, badly ventilated, badly communicating rooms that ramble on in a complete maze through several storeys. As for the perfect House of Legislation, I have seen one; it is the property of one of the worst governed countries on earth. In the House of Representatives at Washington every member has a private room, a telephone, a secretary. The rooms are well lit, there are fine committee-rooms, a first-class restaurant, lifts, a large library, tickers, everything that Mr. Wells demands. And what is the result? Corruption, defiance of the law, shoddy legislation and general inefficiency at colossal expense. Mr. Wells is so obsessed with the mechanistic view of life that he believes one has only to have perfect machines to secure a perfect civilization. All the way through this book, with an idea germinating in every line, and a superabundant energy sufficient to create new worlds for old, Mr. Wells preaches the doctrine of the machine over matter. His vision of the future is based upon the fact that man is a logical animal. I do not think it is a fact. The herd instinct is stronger than the voice of the professor.

Mr. Wells raises a noble protest against our slovenliness. He would have us behave as noble and rational animals. He would put us in model buildings. He would regulate birth and death with a nice sense of the law of demand and supply. He would make us all useful and healthy and, I am afraid, bored. It is the uncertainty of the morrow that keeps so many of us alive with hope, for nothing, we believe, can be worse than to-day. However, Mr. Wells when he begins to prophesy keeps us open-mouthed, staring up into the heavens. In *The Work, Wealth, and Happiness of Mankind* he has created out of his prodigal genius, a new world. It is exciting to hear about, even though it might prove dull to live in.

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Face of London," by Harold P. Blunn (Simpkin. 7s. 6d. net). A survey of London with 200 superb illustrations and 500 pages of text.

"Merrily I Go to Hell: Reminiscences of a Clergyman's Daughter," by Mary Cameron (Allen and Unwin. 10s. net).

"My Paris: An Anthology of Modern Paris by Contemporary French Writers," by Arthur K. Griggs (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net).

"Women Have Been Kind," by by Lou Tellegen. Memoirs of an egotist with a profile (Jarrolds. 18s net).

"Across New Guinea: From the Fly to the Sepik," by Ivan F. Champion (Constable. 15s. net).

"The Du Barry," by Karl von Schumacher (Harrap. 12s. 6d. net).

Novels:

"Maladetta," by J. B. Morton (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net).

"Death Answers the Bell," by Valentine Williams (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net).

Mr. Oliver Baldwin suffers from the handicap of being his father's son. It soon becomes clear in his autobiography, *The Questing Beast* (Grayson. 10s. 6d.), that he bitterly resents the idea that he should follow in his father's footsteps. He is deeply dissatisfied with the order of things, and with just sufficient of a private income to render him free of discipline he has sought strange creeds, peoples, and places. An intense curiosity, a creditable desire to think for himself, a ceaseless pity for those less fortunately placed, and a somewhat nebulous political creed have driven him into strange

(Continued on p. 314)

A NOTABLE REVIVAL: Miss Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies in her old *rôle* of Etain and Mr. Bruce Flegg, the new Midir in *The Immortal Hour* at the Queen's

PLAYS—

Marie Tempest and Gladys Cooper Reputation: "Flash Back"

By PHILIP

Mr. H. M. Harwood's farcical comedy at the Ambassadors, *So Far and No Father*, has a catchy and amusing title and Miss Marie Tempest in the leading part. So far, so good. So far does it go—a very little farther. For I found this an untidy and disappointing play, forced in its humour and based on a wild improbability. It has been said that farces should be improbable. They should not. They should only *seem* to be improbable. Any play is apt to be irritating when it has as its main foundation a situation which (i) is not intrinsically funny and (ii) need never have occurred at all.

For there was no reason whatsoever why Mary Melbourne, a famous actress, should not have told her two children who their father was. One of them wanted to know because she was engaged to be married to a man whose aristocratic relatives were inquisitive. So why did not Mary Melbourne tell the girl that her father was an eminent ethnologist and the brother and heir of an Irish peer? The answer, of course, is that had this been done Mr. Harwood would have had no play. I cannot regard this as a catastrophe, since *So far and No Father* is hardly likely to enhance his considerable and well-deserved reputation as a dramatist. Another possible answer is that Mr. Harwood considers ethnology bad form. In which case, he has indeed strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel, for his second act is from first to last, in my opinion, an orgy of bad form. The author is clearly not of that opinion and he is, of course, entitled to his view, which, so much the better for his banking account, appears to be shared by the majority.

Mary Melbourne, having decided that the real father was to be kept a secret (he turned up in the last act, very suave and likeable and presentable, in the person of Mr. Graham Browne), set about inventing one. She thought it safer to let it be known that he was dead, and then did the most risky thing of all by pointing out his grave—that of an alderman in a northern town. It turned out that the alderman occasionally went to London, where he occupied himself, among other activities, in becoming the father of two illegitimate children by an actress named Mary Melrose (not Mary Melbourne). To attempt to unravel the muddle which culminated, as one could foretell without even glancing at the programme, in the appearance on the stage simultaneously of the Melbourne brother and sister and the Melrose brother and sister is hardly profitable.

If one is to be accused of over-squeamishness for jibbing at the representation in a farce of a graveyard and all its grim appurtenances, then I for one can bear the accusation with equanimity as well as the accusation which will inevitably go with it—that of total lack of humour. With regard to the latter charge, it is only fair to chronicle that behind me sat a *fortissimo* moron who cackled long and joyously at the sight of funeral monuments and of Mr. Robert Andrews (whose performance was extremely good) removing his hat and placing a wreath on a grave. What constitutes humour and good taste and what constitutes the reverse of these desirable qualities can only be a matter of individual point of view. Mr. Harwood

Pollard Crowther

PIRANDELLO AGAIN: A scene from *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, revived at the Westminster, a theatre very propitious to the newly-discovered tragedienne, Miss Flora Robson, who plays the stepdaughter with the same dramatic quality she revealed in *The Anatomist*, is seen above on left

James Maycock

A HOLBEIN COME TO LIFE: Mr. Frank Vosper in the character of "Henry the Married" in *The Rose Without a Thorn* at the Duchess Theatre—a performance as good as the make-up

James Maycock

GUILTY LOVE: Mr. Ivan Brandt as Thomas Culpepper and Miss Angela Baddeley as Katheryn Howard, whose tendencies out-Henry-ed Henry

Save H. M. Harwood's Dramatic at the Comedy: Flora Robson

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thinks this scene, and a constant repetition of the name Sidebottom, with emphasis on the last two syllables, funny and in accordance with the rules of what should be done. I disagree. That is all.

Miss Tempest was up to her usual brilliant form in circumstances which I hope she did not find difficult. She has had many better parts than this. Her son and daughter reappeared from Shaw's *You never can Tell*, in which play they plied questions about their mysterious father and talked to him, when he did arrive, in a rather more entertaining vein.

That accommodating dramatic orange, a small kingdom in the Balkans, has not yet been sucked dry. True we have long passed what I may venture to call the early Bertram Wallis period, and a comedy on strict Anthony Hope lines would be hopeless in 1932. Mr. H. M. Harwood, jumping with easy grace from a Northumbrian cemetery to the South of France, manages still to find Ruritarian material and to adapt it to a changed world.

Kings must no longer appear in throne-rooms in mighty boots, white uniforms, and gold lace. They now dally in easy exile and white trousers. Mr. Edmund Breon, the ex-King of Carmania, enjoying life at Cannes or some such place had about him no pose impressions, and his demeanour was bland without being nobly so. In short, he was a tubby little hedonist who would have relished a return to throne and country as little as a trip to the North Pole in a leaky submarine. His daughter, the Princess Narcissa, was, as Napoleon said of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only man of the family. When a project was submitted of putting her on the throne by means of a little bribery and gun-running, she was eager enough. Her eagerness was not decreased by the handing over of all the organization to a Scotch journalist whose great-great-grandfather had fallen at Culloden and who earned 2 guineas per 1,000 words: for she loved this hardy Scot at first sight and he loved her.

It did not, therefore, matter much that the counter-revolution failed. This was the princess's opportunity to save her man and secure him for herself. She arrived in Carmania in time to rescue him from the fortress where he lay wounded and under sentence of death, and to suggest that she should darn his socks in some modest home in the Highlands. How they got there and how long those two adventurous spirits endured such boredom we are not told. They gazed happily at a Communistic mob burning the royal palace, so it is doubtful whether they had an opportunity of putting it to the test.

Mr. Harwood's play tells a fairly reasonable story without relapsing too often into either melodrama or pompousness. His subsidiary scenes are the best, though many of them are too long. If the king, for instance, had cut down by half his Shavian monologue about the respective merits of monarchy and republicanism he would have made it more entertaining, and would less frequently have got out of his depth. But it was a good scene, and one of several good scenes. It needed clever acting, and from Mr. Breon and Mr. Anthony Holles as a Carmanian "comrade" staying at Claridge's, that is what it received.

I have seldom seen Miss Gladys Cooper so admirable. She suggested London and not a Balkan State, but what would you? The important point was that she knew exactly how much could be got out of the part of the Princess, which might so easily have become preposterous; and her combination of royal dignity with the ease of the woman of the world very much in love could not have been better. The Scots hero of Mr. Leon Quartermaine, dour and devoted, was another clever piece of work. Somewhat vague characters were competently sketched in by Mr. Kinsey Peile, Mr. Frank Cochrane, and Miss Doris Lytton.

Mr. Harold Simpson, trying his hand at a full-length play instead of revue episodes, has written a workmanlike melodrama in *Sentenced* at the Comedy. It would be more exciting had he not given away his secret too early in the evening, and had he not rather blithered his audience by constantly allowing periods of years to elapse or to be "flashed back" between many of his scenes. This gave one a lot of trouble in trying to remember whether Mr. Frank Cellier was a rising young barrister or a judge with the Lord Chancellorship within his grasp, and it kept Mr. Cellier busy taking a decade off his life or putting it on. That he remained so calm and dignified in spite of this Fregoli-like activity is a considerable tribute to him.

Mr. Simpson has an eye for an original situation of tense drama, for he shows us a judge sentencing a man to death for having murdered a blonde who had been the judge's mistress, and whom the judge himself had killed. The man is not hanged but sent to Broadmoor, whence he escapes. He enters the judge's dining-room, flourishes a revolver, is given a glass of port, and is recaptured. The remainder of the play is positively Einstein-like in its twisting of time; but not uninteresting. It would probably film even better than it plays. Besides, on the films a Prime Minister offering the Lord Chancellorship to a judge who has admitted that he has shot, on the eve of his marriage to a peer's daughter, the girl whose rent he had been paying, would not seem quite so fantastic.

Mr. Ion Swinley was not afraid to let himself go as the innocent man, even though the law confined him. Miss Sunday Willshin, though she must learn how to produce her voice, should find no difficulty in playing a series of alluring vampires for quite a long time to come.

There have been many plays within plays, but between *Pagliacci* and Pirandello there is indeed a great gulf fixed. Pirandello can often be irritating and give one more than a suspicion that he is not as clever as he gives the first impression of being. Certainly he is not the powerful and revolutionary force in the world of the theatre his adorers would have us believe.

But even if he is odd for oddity's sake he has a sense of the stage, and this is one of the several virtues of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*. This is, I consider, his best play and Mr. H. K. Ayliff's sound translation of it is now being given for a limited number of performances.

My main reason for a visit to a play which I had seen twice before was Miss Flora Robson, who came out of the unknown to set

(Continued on p. 314)

James Maycock

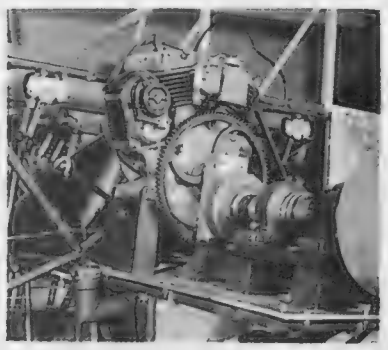
"WHEN YOU COME BACK TO US IT IS LIKE THE RETURN OF SPRING": Henry (Mr. Frank Vosper) welcomes his fifth Queen (Miss Angela Baddeley) back to Hampton Court. The part of Anne of Cleves is played in the production at the Duchess by Miss Mabel Russell (Mrs. Hilton Philipson, ex-M.P.). The mediævalism of this play is commendably free from clichés

Pollard Crowther

THE O.U.D.S.: Mr. C. Hassall (Wadham) and Mr. R. P. Heppel (Balliol) in the rôles of Romeo and Paris in the production of Shakespeare's greatest romantic play. The production has been supervized by Mr. John Gielgud. It is hoped that this fine dramatic effort of the Elder University may be seen in London next month at a Sunday evening performance

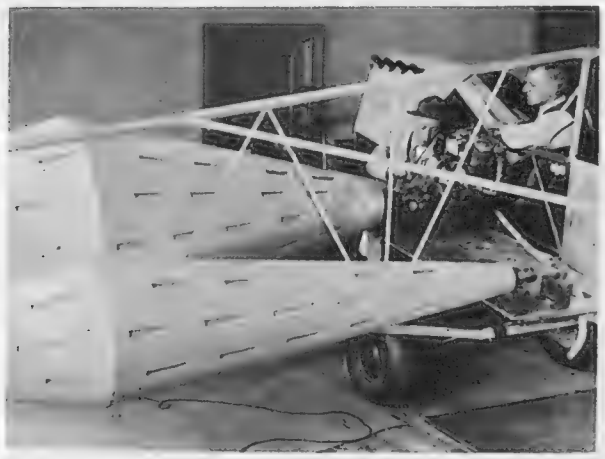
THE AIR WORLD

A "WIND TEE": An illuminated weather-vane, 18 ft. long and lighted with neon, installed at Long Beach Airport, U.S.A.



A WINGLESS 'PLANE is the latest invention. It has three engines, one of which, with its gear shifts, is seen above

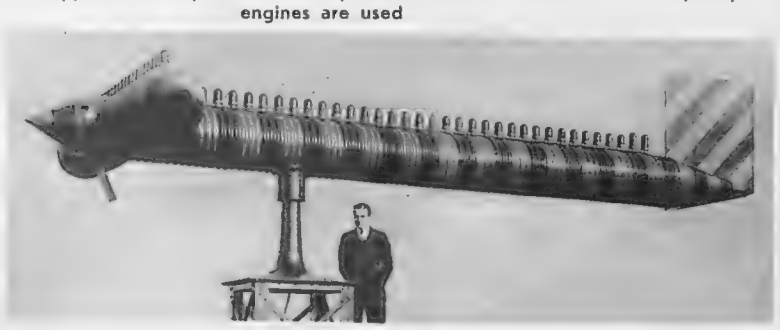
NON-STOP TO THE CAPE? The R.A.F. Fairey (Napier) Long Range Monoplane is attempting this gigantic achievement. If successful, the flight will break the world non-stop flight record of 5,012 miles. Over 1,000 gallons of petrol will be carried in the wings which are also fitted with tanks for oil and water. The machine is likewise fitted with three altimeters and automatic control. Squadron-Leader Gayford and Flight-Lieut. Bett carry hot and cold drinks, chickens, sandwiches, sugar, chocolate and fruit



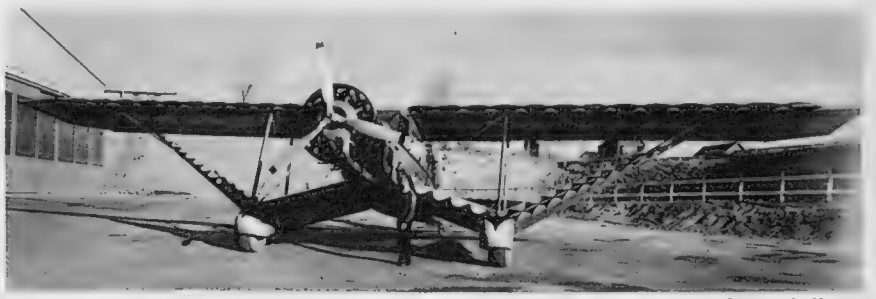
THE SPINDLE 'PLANE invented by Mr. J. B. H. Guest of New York is based upon the rotor principle already applied to ships. Conical spindles revolve and three engines are used

Charles E. Brown

STREAM-LINED: A view of the slender fuselage and the under-carriage of the Fairey (Napier) Long Range Monoplane; the landing wheels are cowled. It has been built primarily in pursuance of the policy of reinforcing air units in distant parts of the Empire without intermediate landings. It is fitted with "the Robot pilot" for flying in clouds

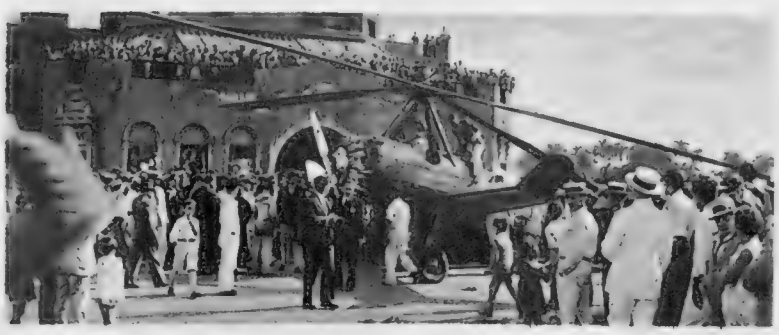


AN AUTOMATIC WEATHER-VANE: The wind-tee atop a hangar at the central airport at Camden, New Jersey. The direction of the wind is shown by the point as any ordinary weathercock; the force by lights operated by the force of the wind itself. Even a 3 m.p.h. breeze will veer the tee



Ewing Galloway

A PRIVATE 'PLANE: One of the most efficient of modern machines is this U.S. product, *Miss Fidelity*, a Ballanca costing about £10,000. The machine is equipped with a Wright Cyclone 600 h.p. motor, a standard steel propeller and landing struts, and is stream-lined



THE DÉBUT of the auto-giro in Cuba occurred when Captain Yancey flew one to the island from Key West, Fla.

BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F.: The Hawker-Hart standard day bombers inspected by the French Air Commission at Brooklands

GOLD, SILVER, AND JEWELS PAVE THE STREETS OF LONDON

COSMOPOLITAN CONNOISSEURS consider the value of a trinket tray before driving a bargain characterized by strict equity

TABLE D'OR!: A nearby restaurant provides an unofficial mart wherein the traders of Duke Street, Aldgate, congregate. Bearing in mind the Shakespearean saw "All that glisters is not gold"—or silver!—the purchasers subject every object to a minute scrutiny

ROUGH DIAMONDS IN A ROUGH SETTING: Uncut stones worth a small fortune bartered over a marble-topped café table in Aldgate

UNDERGROUND TREASURE: This name-plate does not mark a doctor's house, but a cellar wherein business in precious stones and metals is carried on

EXPERT APPRAISAL: A dealer subjects a ring to a careful scrutiny before deciding—or declining—to purchase

ALFRESCO INSPECTION: The jeweller's lens is as much a part of the business-man's dress in Duke Street, Aldgate, as a coat or a pair of trousers!

THE MIDAS TOUCH: Mr. Abelson of Charterhouse Buildings is one of the many gold brokers who have been doing a roaring trade of late. 30,000 sovereigns were bought within one week-end

PAVED WITH GOLD!: "Charlie," a famous character of Duke Street, Aldgate, opens up his jeweller's shop. Some of the dealers carry their wares on their person; some wear fifteen or sixteen rings on one hand

IN THE ORIENT OF LONDON: Aptly in the East End this scene recalls the Bazaars. How many of these objects travel from Duke Street, E., to Duke Street, W.!

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

SAN GIMIGNANO: The City of Beautiful Towers

Legend says that two Roman patricians, the brothers Mucius and Sylvius, were compelled to flee from Rome on account of their complicity in the Catilina conspiracy, and they came to the valley of the Elsa where they built two castles, which they named Mucchio and Silvia. Around the second it is supposed that the San Gimignano of to-day grew up. Old chronicles relate that the change of name took place in the year 450, when by the brave efforts of St. Geminian, Bishop of Modena, the castle was recovered from Attila, the Hun. Anyhow, the name of Castle Mucchio and the Etruscan tombs found near San Gimignano are evidence of the ancestry of the site.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY: Via San Matteo and the Palazzo Pesciolini with its twin towers, used largely for defence

THIRTEENTH CENTURY: The ancient mayoral palace with the "Tower of the Mangy One" —a relic of Guelph-Ghibelline warfare

Castle San Gimignano is first mentioned in the year 929. It was then attached to the diocese of the bishops of Volterra. Of its independence first proof is given in 1099, in which year began the long conflict with the bishops from which San Gimignano emerged successful. It was as a result of this that from 1219 and 1246, the bitter conflict between Ghibelline and Guelf developed.

On May 7, 1300, Dante sojourned within the walls of the city when he came as emissary from the Florentine Republic to offer Gimignano participation in the Tuscan-Guelf confederation.

San Gimignano stretches over a wide area, its massive towers breaking the hard horizon. Fourteen of its castle towers still stand upright: there were originally seventy-two, in 1580 twenty-five were still in existence. If one examines the old palaces and patrician houses carefully the foundations of at least thirty-six demolished towers may be discovered. They are all of the period between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries, the time of the Ghibelline-Guelph dispute which left its mark all over Italy. As defence towers erected during this long civil war, they were the strongholds of various noble families. Ladderways and narrow stairways led up into them and, in times of grave danger, drop-bridges were stretched across to nearby towers. None of these towers was over 170 ft. in height.

The Palazzo Pestolini was a palace as well as a castle tower. An old inscription states that there lived the Langobardian King, Desiderius. The ruins of the palace of the Salvucci and the twin towers of the powerful Ardhingelli family, which are quite blackened with smoke, tell vividly of the bitterness with which these noble families fought.

The highest tower is that of the town hall, 175 ft. The town hall itself is a smaller replica of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence. With its tower it commanded the three chief squares of San Gimignano: Piazza Maggiore, Piazza d'Erbe, and Piazza della Cisterna with its beautiful octagonal fountain. At one time these squares were thronged with crowds of lively people; to-day they are empty, for San Gimignano is one of those towns which has passed into silence — glorious in its fall and presenting a vivid picture of the Middle Ages that no other Italian town suggests.

A CITY GATE: Porta San Iacopo, one of the ancient relics of San Gimignano

A FAMOUS SQUARE: Piazza della Cisterna with the great tower

Amongst other towers of the city were those which bore the names of Podesta, dell' Orologio, Della Canonica, Savorelli, Pratellesi, Cinatti, Talei, Campatelli, and Sinibaldi. There were also the external round towers of the city wall, of which five remain, and that of the Rocca.

With the decline of the Florentine Republic overlordship in 1353, what art was left became affected by the Arno influence. The sculptors and architects, Benedetto and Giuliano da Majano, erected chapels and altars; Domenico Ghirlandajo painted the Vision and Burial of the fifteen-year-old patron, Santa Fina, in powerful frescoes, and Benozzo Gozzoli, the amiable raconteur and open-minded scholar of the Beato Angelico, reveals his droll and humorous art in a comprehensive fresco of the Life of St. Augustus.

A place of peace and dreams of the past is San Gimignano with its towers from which one overlooks the wide fertile hills of Tuscany.

W. B.

THE PULPIT in the cathedral of San Giovanni. This cathedral is distinguished by the superb stone carving overlaid with gilt. The whole island is an enchanting paradise of paradox, age jostling youth

A PARADISE of PARAD

An ancient fortress in a setting of golden sunshine, sapphire seas, and skies of lapis lazuli—such is the first impression of Malta.

Presently comes the realization that it is an island of an infinite variety. Not merely a social centre, as is, perhaps, the prevalent idea, where the greater part of the floating population passes its leisure hours in a whirl of gaiety. No, Malta is many-sided, and presents a rich field for all tastes.

On arrival, the custom house dangers safely surmounted, the very drive up to the hotel is an adventure. In Valetta it is always either up or down, inasmuch as the town, like Rome, is built on hills, and steep ones at that.

Up the narrow streets, reminiscent somewhat of Italy, the traveller passes quaint, little dark shops, in whose dim windows lurk tempting wares — curios, and strange, old-world jewellery, Maltese lace, and filigree-work in delicate silver tracery. Tearing wildly and irresponsibly along, in the vehicle peculiar to Malta—the airy, becurtained *carroza* drawn by a gaily decorated horse, who wears an incredibly tall feather upon his head—one catches but a fleeting glimpse of the various points of interest on the way.

First comes the green-balconied, handsome palace, hiding many a treasure within its walls. In former days, it was the Palace of the Grand Masters. To-day it is the scene of very different gatherings, for it is now the winter residence of the Governor; and here take place many festivities throughout the season—balls and parties galore. Next comes the Cathedral of St. John, rich in its sombre beauty. Here are to be seen the wonderful chapels of the Knights of Malta, one chapel to each language of the Order. Beautiful indeed it is, with all its relics and memories of the Knights of St. John, and its exquisite Gobelin tapestries.

The opera is a great feature of the winter season; and on gala nights it is a gay and brilliant sight to see the ladies, all *en grande toilette*, vying with the officers, in their brave attire of scarlet, blue, and gold.

One of the first things to be done is to visit the ancient capital of the Island—Notabile, as it is called to-day. The high road passes the ever popular Marsa Sports Ground where, daily, energetic folk disport themselves at tennis and golf. Polo is played here a great deal and there are frequent race meetings, when the world of Malta, fashionable and otherwise, turns out in sporting attire, bent on a day of enjoyment.

Further on lies the little village of Attard, where stands the charming summer residence of the Governor. This palace of San Antonio possesses the most delicious gardens imaginable, open to all. And here grow a wonderful profusion of flowers amidst orange and lemon groves, and strange and rare trees, and shrubs from many climes. It is a veritable medley of bright-hued sweet-scented bud, blossom, and fruit.

And now along the high road once more, rich in Malta's very own particular dust, towards the intriguing antiquity of Notabile.

THE COUNCIL CHAMBER is ornamented graphs may be taken only by Parlia

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE in which are enshrined the suits of armour worn by the Knights of St. John. The painted ceiling is a feature of this gallery in the Palace of San Antonio

OX: Malta, where Antiquity and Modernity are Fused in One Harmonious and Delightful Whole

It stands high, dominating the low lying country between the two capitals; imposing in its dramatic position. At sunset, outlined against a sky of rose and lemon, and intangible green, the fortress an unforgetable memory.

The cathedral is full of interest tradition says that it was ually commenced some nineteen ndred years ago. It has, needless to say, been almost entirely rebuilt since then. Amongst its most cherished possessions is the silver cross which the Knights brought with them to Malta, when they established themselves there. All about the place cling memories of the past—the past which is so characteristic of the whole island; for, whatever features of modernity may pertain to Malta, it is chiefly her relics and traditions of ancient times which hold the secret of her charm. For about Malta, on all ides, lies an amazing assembly of hostages of the days of long ago -those days so misty and remote, of which our records are still but sparse. Temples, sanctuaries, and burying grounds of the Stone and Bronze Ages, have been unearthed and now lie basking in the vivid glow of Malta's sunshine, as they used to more than five thousand years before Christ was born.

Of these wonderful temples, the most interesting lie near Valetta. In the neighbourhood of Casal Paula, are the sanctuaries of Tarxien. Here can an imaginative mind pass many an hour in tracing the history of a bygone age—in peopling the chambers and the passage-ways with the prehistoric life of the strange, thickset, humanity of those nebulous times.

Nearby, the Hypogeum presents itself, incredible and amazing, in its chain of underground rooms and corridors, hewed out of the thickness of the hillside. Modernity steps in here, for the shades of eternal night are, to-day, set at naught by the floodlight beams of electricity.

Emerging from out these mysterious regions, it is pleasant to drive along the coastal road. Sunbeams dance here about the sparkling waters of the true Mediterranean blue; and here, on the beach, lies a dghaisa, picturesque in its colours of green, and crimson, and purple, and its tall, curved prow. The dghaisa is the rowboat of the island, somewhat akin to a Venetian gondola, propelled by a standing oarsman.

Far out at sea, like a bevy of butterflies, little sailing yachts are skimming along; for this is a favourite pastime here, and many are the sailing races of the later season.

Returning to Valetta, it is interesting to cross the Grand Harbour in a dghaisa; passing Vittoriosa, where stands the ancient clocktower built so many centuries ago. There is a clock upon the tower which is said to have been going ever since the year 1530. Faintly coloured are the quaint old houses that stand about the harbour — in palest honey and seashell tints, their reflections quiver in the clear, still water, full of inspiration to an artist's brush.

M. H.

ith superb Gobelin tapestries. Photo- pecial permission obtained from the ent

In Stein in the Bavarian Oberland: The ROBBER'S CASTLE

The little village of Stein in the Bavarian Oberland draws visitors not merely for the beauty of its wild and romantic scenery, but also for the grim and terrible drama said to have been enacted in the castle once owned by Heinz von Stein, a robber chieftain. On a precipitous cliff overlooking the River Traun, which runs through the village, the fierce Heinz built his castle, which clings to the rock like a swallow's nest. A long passage cut in the interior of the rock leads to the top of the mountain, where the real castle was built, protected by wall and moat.

LIKE A SWALLOW'S NEST: Part of the castle of Heinz von Stein, built on the cliff face, whence he plied his evil trade

Heinz and his robber band flourished early in the thirteenth century — their wild doings bringing incessant terror to the neighbourhood. Heinz himself was no ordinary robber chieftain, lying in wait for passing merchants to relieve them of their money and goods, but was abhorred and feared as the man who stopped at nothing to secure the possession of any beautiful maiden whom he might happen to desire. He was no Adonis, as we learn from an old picture, which shows him with a rough beard and two tusk-like teeth jutting over his lips, but nevertheless he revelled in acting the part of a Bluebeard. If he became tired of the maiden, or she was not sufficiently complacent, he shut her up in a stone cell where she starved to death, or he threw her from a tower of the castle to the depths below.

There is no other robber's den in Germany which fills the visitor with so much sense of the dread past which still clings to the grey walls. The castle guide, who leads the way by flickering candle-light up winding stairs, through rock-cut cells, and along narrow passages lit by slit windows, relates many wonderful things of the robber chief and of his dramatic end, Greek in its grim tragedy.

The story he tells is as follows: For some years there had lived in the neighbourhood on the Trostberg the pretty daughter of Gravenecker, a prosperous farmer, on whom the wild Heinz had cast his eyes. With much labour he caused an underground passage to be cut through the rock to the Trostberg, by means of which he succeeded in surprising the beautiful Waltrand, and carrying her off to his rocky nest. Waltrand, who loved her foster-brother, Siegfried, resisted the caresses of her brutal captor, while Siegfried, in order to be near his beloved Waltrand, disguised himself and offered Heinz his services. Siegfried carefully laid his plans to outwit the hitherto invincible Heinz, and on a certain pre-arranged day, let down the drawbridge to admit the soldiers of the Bavarian and Salzburg princes, who stormed the castle. Heinz, finding himself overpowered, tried to escape, but first sought Waltrand, from whom he could not be separated. He was carrying her off, when she seized a dagger, and stabbed herself through the heart. Siegfried arrived a moment too late, and thinking that Heinz had killed her, threw himself on the robber chief and stabbed him with his lance. At this moment he learned from the dying Heinz, that he had slain his own father! After this he naturally took his own life. So that when old Gravenecker, Waltrand's father, appeared he found the dead bodies of his much loved daughter and foster-son.

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE carved in stone between the various floors of the bandit's stronghold in Stein

THE CASTLE connected by subterranean passages with the robber's stronghold beneath

THE HERO-VILLAIN of the legend of Stein with the beautiful Waltrand

Is this horrible story truth or fable? It is difficult to separate the accretions of time, but certain it is the legend has the authenticity of age: the account of the evil doings of Heinz von Stein has lasted through many centuries.

B. H.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. In stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

"THE CHAMP" of modern child actors is Master Jackie Cooper, who, seen at the telephone, registers scowling fury at an unexpected refusal!

THE TEMPERAMENTAL STAR: Master Richard Spiro who walked away with the honours in *His Woman* but insisted, during the production, on being called "Sammie"

A WOMAN STAR! Mlle Denise Guilloux, a screen favourite of the Continent, with her "fan-mail"

CHILDREN OF THE SCREEN

They Must be Taught *not* to Act: Not Taught to Act, and it is Personality Rather than Technique that Makes the Child Star

By LEILA STEWART

MINIATURE GOLF! Miss Shirley Jean Rickert, the "baby blonde" of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" Comedies. She is a blonde that gentlemen—and ladies—prefer

ONE WHO LOVES THE "PICTURES"! Master Jerry Tucker, a newly-found four-year old screen star, during a short respite between scenes

Children are the greatest screen actors of all, for the simple reason that they do not act. The moment a child starts to act the charm and appeal is entirely gone; the problem of handling them in the studio is to keep them simple yet precocious.

A child can be taught to speak beautifully, to dance, and to sing, but what gets over on the screen is personality, and that cannot be taught—it can only be encouraged.

If there are any bouquets to be thrown at children on the screen let us give credit to Charles Chaplin who invented Jackie Coogan, the doyen of child actors, for *The Kid* will go down to fame in the history of motion pictures as the film in which a child almost wrested the honours from the uncrowned king of the screen. Charlie Chaplin tells many stories about the extraordinary intelligence of Jackie Coogan and how he had to teach Jackie repression: so thoroughly did the little pupil learn his lesson that he became almost as great as his master, for one day when Chaplin was over-acting a scene he felt little Jackie tugging at his coat, and the small child looked up at him and said, "Repression yourself, Charlie!"

After the success of *The Kid* everyone tried to make films starring children. Every fond parent felt that their offspring would make the family fortune if only he were given the opportunity of acting for the screen. How often we have heard a mother say, "My Johnnie is really the greatest thing that ever happened," and when you see Johnnie you realize how fortunate it is that love is blind, and that so many children, in trying to live up to being what their parents think they are, do get some place in the end.

But it is not so easy.

This is a profession for which many are called but few are chosen, and among the chosen and successful children appearing at the present time we find Jackie Cooper, who was given his first big chance to do his stuff in *Our Gang* comedies. Hal Roach conceived the idea of a gang of children who portrayed on the screen all the things that street urchins do in real life, and sophisticated children long to do, but dare not; and this "gang," which is composed of black children, white children, girls, boys, and dogs, is fast becoming as famous as a school for juvenile screen talent as Mack Sennett was for bathing beauties.

When Robert McGowan, director of Hal Roach's Comedies, directs his stories for the famous *Our Gang* comedies, he has but one idea in mind—simplicity. His stories are natural, simple, everyday episodes that might be taken from any child's life. And because this wise director has this thought always in mind his *protégés* are natural and unaffected in their actions. They do not overact, for the simple reason that their actions coincide with those of their intimate home life, and, when working before the camera, they are simply "themselves."

With each new recruit to "Gang-land," Mr. McGowan carefully drills into the child's head that he doesn't want the youngster to "act."—anyone can act—but to go through each scene as he would naturally do it at play, without thought of the camera that is recording his every action. It's hard at first, because every new "Gangster" wants to make good. However, when once instructions begin to "sink in," the child follows Mr. McGowan's instructions perfectly, and finds, too, that it is more fun that way.

Jackie Cooper's presence in pictures is just one of those queer things that happen sometimes. He lived with his mother and grandmother, who had no thought of screen careers or child geniuses. His mother, who is a skilled musician, was working in the music department at one of the studios when it happened that a child was needed to sing a song in a musical revue that was being made.

Child after child had been down for the part—none suited the director. So one day Mrs. Cooper's mother brought Jackie to the studio; he sang his little song, danced his little dance, and was given the part. After that was over he retired once more to five-year-old private life.

But he was seen on the screen by other directors, and promptly sent for. He played little parts here and there, until he joined *Our Gang*, from whom Paramount borrowed him to play *Skippy*. Jackie woke up one morning to find himself one of the most famous children in the world. He now has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for whom he made *The Champ* with Wallace Beery.

During this film little Jackie Cooper and big Wallace Beery formed a deep and sincere friendship. They walked and talked and ate together. They studied their lines, and swopped stories between scenes, and played jokes on people, but never on each other.

Jackie is decidedly no actor, he is just a natural child. His hair is never tidy for more than three minutes at a time. He hates to pull up his socks, and despises neckties and buttoned collars. His favourite foods are ice cream, milk, and chicken. His favourite game is football, and aeroplanes are his favourite toys, for you see he is going to be an aviator when he grows up—that is if he does not become a civil engineer or a policeman.

The children of the screen very rarely, if ever, grow into actors, because the moment they cease to be natural their appeal is gone, and they have no technique or training on which to fall back.

King Vidor, who directed *The Champ*, says that he finds when directing children they have a natural aptitude for expressing emotion once they can understand and feel that emotion. In Jackie Cooper's case he had to express emotions that he had never experienced in his life, and King Vidor found his best method was to get him away by himself and talk and talk until his imagination was worked up to a pitch where he followed the situation.

But this method of production would hardly have worked with little Richard Spiro, who, although only nine months old, walked away with the acting honours in *His Woman*. Little Richard takes his work very seriously, but although his real name is Dickie he decided to go on a temperamental spree, and would answer only to the name of Sammie. Everybody loves him, so what does a name matter among friends! A child by any other name would act as well!

And talking of friends, what has become of little Davey Lee, who is known all over the world as "Sonnie Boy"? He seems to have gone into obscurity, mainly caused by the enormity of his fame, which was purely accidental. His mother, Mrs. Lee, took her son, Frankie, to the studio with hundreds of other children who wanted to play with Al Jolson in his talking picture, *The Singing Fool*. Davey, who went with them, wandered out into the grounds, and found a man with whom he became great friends. That man was Al Jolson, who, against the judgment and advice of all the experts in the studio, insisted that Davey was the child for the part, and he proved to be right.

It is strange to note that little boys are better on the screen than girls. Perhaps this is due to the fact that they are more natural. Almost the only little girl one can call to mind whose name has become famous is Mitzi Green. Yet among the grown-up stars women outnumber the men.

The children created by Booth Tarkington in his immortal Penrod series have been brought to the screen in the persons of Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan. Leon Janney, who plays Penrod, owes his remarkable success to the indomitable spirit of his mother. Leon had hardly arrived when she was faced with the necessity of earning her living; she had already secretly determined to bring up her boy to be an actor; and, with that idea in view, she took him, when he was eight years old, to Hollywood and began

(Continued on page 314)

SOCIAL NEWS of the DAY

BRITISH FASHIONS TO THE FORE: With the advent, and continued support, of the "Buy British" movement, an enormous impetus has been given to national trade, even in branches wherein we have not shone heretofore. This scene shows the fashion parade at the British Industries Fair at the White City

WESTWARD HO! Miss Dora B. Stafford of Enfield has just left on a "one woman" expedition to the Andes, where she will attempt botanic research at great altitudes on behalf of the Edinburgh and Copenhagen botanical gardens

FOR THE HISTORICAL DRAMA BALL: Lady E. Hare as Isemene (above), and Lady Anne Hope as Antigone at Grosvenor House

A CHRISTENING AT THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: The daughter of the Hon. James and Lady Rachel Stuart was christened Jean Davina and was wrapped in the famous Cavendish lace robe. The ceremony took place in the crypt of the House of Commons

A CANADIAN INNOVATION: Lady Bessborough participated in the opening of the Canadian parliament at Ottawa—the first time this has occurred since the Connaught régime

A BLUE WITHOUT THE BLUES! Mr. E. S. Barrett and Miss Helena Nitch after their marriage

"THE GLORY THAT WAS GREECE" was recreated at Grosvenor House, the scene of the Historical Drama Ball, held in aid of the People's League of Health

THE DANCING MANNEQUINS who form the latest innovation in the joint worlds of fashion and club life, in a bridal group at Ciro's

"A CITY IN AFRICA": A symbolic piece of work by the distinguished Austrian painter, Norbertine von Bressfern-Roth. The flamingoes and the litter of animals amid the huddle of flat-topped buildings strongly suggest the emotional quality of Tripolitania

These two floral paintings—that on the left entitled "Winter Passes," that on the right, "Springtime"—displaying the charm of flower-compositions, are both the work of Mr. H. Davis Richter

THE DECORATIVE PICTURE FOR THE MODERN HOME

By courtesy of Arundell Clarke

The attic bed-sitting room designed and executed by the English designer, Arundell Clarke; note the use of plate glass where this is justified by the need for lightness of design and space-saving and the modernist fabrics. The room is grey-silver-black. *Inset*—The bed end is seen with its metal edge and the delightful coverlet of "coat" material

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

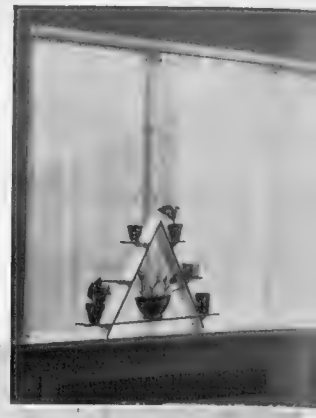
THE ENCHANTMENT OF THE WINDOW

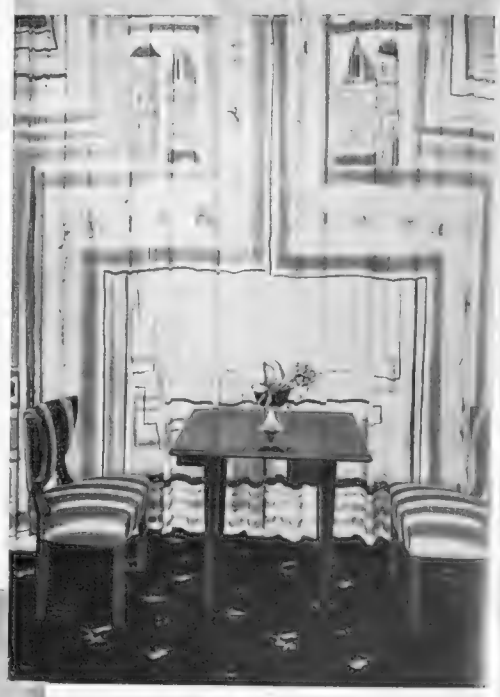
Modern decorative art has let in a new light on old ideas for house furnishing. Its adoption combats the dead level of ordinary conventional designs, and stimulates our minds by presenting the everyday things of life in a new guise. Just as a new frock or hat will act as a tonic to a woman's outlook on her social life, so will the fresh arrangement of a room or a novel colour scheme stir her interest in the domestic sphere.

The modern fear of falling in a groove makes the up-to-date woman receptive to new ideas, and window decoration is always one with a special appeal. Very novel and varied are the three ideas illustrated here on the different ways of dealing with this subject.

The first shows a curtain design which, when drawn together, forms a complete picture, of which each curtain is one half. This is entirely created by the very original pattern of the material which takes the form of the two pairs of little towers in the centre with an arrangement of stripes and floral border round the edge, with the stripes running again vertically towards the bottom. The same design is repeated on the ceiling and the stripes on the chairs, even the carpet, echoing the same floral design. The effect is to form a pictorial background for the table and chair, which is singularly striking.

The second idea is equally original though completely different in treatment. It consists of a glass window made in strips, like a shutter, which open and close. Across it run glass shelves upon which are placed transparent glass vases. This glass window was much experimented with before perfection was reached.





An original rectilinear curtain design of novel charm which harmonizes with ceiling, carpet, and chair covers

WHEN THE TOP ROOM GOES MODERN

We of this generation have little difficulty in agreeing that top rooms and attics generally were shamefully misused (or merely *un*used!) by our immediate forbears. They have the best view in the house if it be a standard London house; though often confined by a too-small window or windows, they have quiet and are in themselves a semi-detached suite, and they are the most exciting (because the most irregular in boundary) to decorate. And they lend themselves to decoration in the modern manner for the modern bank balance, shuddering so fashionably on the edge of insolvency.

Therefore it is interesting to see what has been done with a typical top room in a large and typical London house in the Sloane Square neighbourhood by one of our most modern designers who specializes in British modern styles.

It was Arundell Clarke of Bruton Street, who, faced with an ordinary depressing "servant's bedroom" type of room of late-Edwardian gloom, was able to modernize it as you see here for the personal use of the "lady of the house" who has the excellent taste to use it as one of a suite of rooms for herself.

The wallpaper has gone. It has made way for hard shiny paint that is of the fashionable "off-white" in tone; it is amusing to notice that (as they so often do) dress designers have leant on interior decorators for colour schemes. Off-white and various shades of white-violet were shown at the British Silks Show at 11, Downing Street recently (February 16) in rich satin as an idea for Court gowns for this year's débutantes.

But to return to the attic; the decorator stresses the relatively inexpensive and extremely effective idea of boxing-in the old-fashioned offensive and dust-catching excrescences. Essex or Clifton board suitably used, may give the

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

The Eyes of a House and How to Increase their Charm

On left—

The plain curtains throw up in relief the flowers and stands

The third gains its charm from the effect of extreme lightness of treatment, as it is designed to give the maximum of sun and light. The ceiling of the room is concave, sloping from four sides to a square sandblast glass plate concealing lights for illumination of the room.

A great deal of attention is given to-day to the ceiling, as the diffused lighting, so often thrown upwards against it, brings it in relief, so that it often calls for special treatment. The day of what, for want of a better name, was called "jazz" patterns has happily gone, and in its place have come restful planes, long lines, simplicity, and symmetry. The plainness of the curtains shown in the third design is one many people to-day will choose. Net for curtains is frequently used, which has the added value of keeping out some of the all-penetrating soot, and, though this entails frequent washings, a quality of freshness and clarity is always maintained. Another alternative is double or triple ninon, which has a lovely, dull and filmy softness which with its clear transparency is particularly appealing. If a good quality is bought in the first place it will be found to wear and wash admirably. Another point to remember is that these plain, fine fabrics should be used very full so as to avoid all effect of skimpiness. Exquisite soft shades may be chosen to suit the room as an alternative to the popular cream, yellow, or white.

B. B. F.

A window decorated with the newest discovery in glass made after months of experimenting

The Modern Method of Dealing to Advantage with an Attic

modernist simplicity to a wall and to doors that were largely pretentious. Perhaps some six inches may come off the dimensions of the room, and its cubic content suffer proportionately: but this is not noticeable, and the absence of debased classic mouldings and seedy-looking cupids is definitely an asset. As you see here, the door has been very effectively boxed with excellent results in line.

The background once settled, the designer had a much better proposition to work with; and Arundell Clarke has made this example of modernity a definite proof that the "new" furniture is practical and not merely *stuntiste*: the bed, desk, and wardrobe and settee (for this is a bed-*sitting* room) are of limed oak; the use of chromium plates, as, for instance, round the foot of the bed, lighten the decorative effect. The shelves and dressing table are efficient, and yet, if you examine their material composition, naturally do not crowd the room. The Ferranti fire and the metal plate over the attic ceiling door, these carry on the effective use of metal as does the steel chair. But there is one detail that opens up a whole new horizon in decoration by the amateur—the imaginative use of fabrics which is possible to the adventurous technician in interior decoration. The bed-cover, for instance, is rich and lovely in effect, and is actually *coat-lining material*. This has also been employed in the decorator's own house in Bruton Street,

"It is wonderful," says the decorator, "what the unbiased designer can do with unusual uses of fabrics, both in order to get new effects and to save expense. For instance, sheetrubber from a well-known sixpenny store provides a most delightful window-curtain. . . ."

J. W.

WHITE ORCHIDS: When the architect and decorator have completed their work, there comes the moment for the glassworker. This slender vase with its muffled body and clear glass handle holds a delicate stem of white orchids in a manner wholly suitable for a modern salon

THE VASE AND THE FLOWER FOR THE MODERN HOME

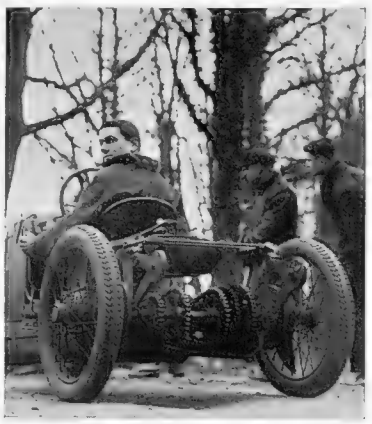
By courtesy of Arundell Clarke

The dressing-table and its attendant shelves are thoroughly modern in idea and extremely practical; *Inset*—is the attic ceiling and the trap door covered in metal

The writing-desk corner in the small modern attic bedroom. Modern hand-made furniture is relatively inexpensive and pace-saving

BRIGHTON'S PROBLEM: A new road is being constructed between Rottingdean and Brighton owing to the fact that the cliff around which the old road winds has been falling away. Vain attempts have been made to hold the cliff with concrete, and Brighton is now faced with the problem of preserving the new road which also runs near the cliff edge

"KEEP LEFT" SIGNS THAT ARE RIGHT!: New signals being dismantled after testing, to be subsequently placed into proper positions on the new by-pass road at Ewell, Surrey



CHAIN-DRIVEN: Mr. R. V. C. Bolster in his G.N. car was one of the starters in the Inter-'varsity Speed Trials held at the Manor House, Hexton

THE FASTEST TIME: Mr. V. Rothschild, a competitor in the Inter-'varsity speed trials at Hexton, at speed in his supercharged Mercedes. Mr. Rothschild, who averaged 65 m.p.h. over the whole course and attained the fastest time of the day, narrowly missed a collision at 90 m.p.h. at the end of the run

THE MICHELINE: The L.M.S. Railway and the Michelin Tyre Company have just carried out tests with the first vehicle in this country to run on rails with pneumatic tyres. A remarkable smoothness in running is obtained, owing to the fact that the pneumatic tyres absorb shocks besides giving an increased degree of adhesion to the rails

YET ANOTHER BABY! The new 8 h.p. Ford—the first ever produced by that Company—was unveiled at the Ford Exhibition at the Albert Hall on February 19. The feminine interest it occasioned is clearly seen in the above picture

TESTING THE PRESSURE: The tyres on the new Michelin train are kept at a pressure of 85 lb. A special Klaxon in the driver's cabin automatically warns him whenever a tyre has lost 14 lbs. of air

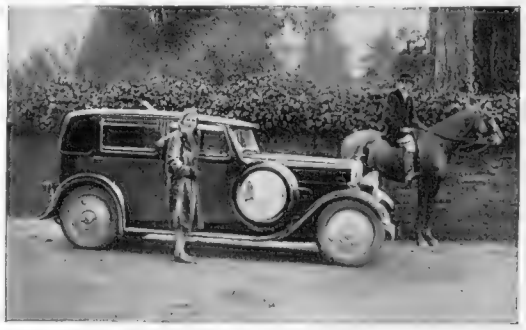
PETROL WORLD

Once again that much abused individual—the cyclist—has become the favourite topic of conversation amongst motorists. Recently I heard Sir Malcolm Campbell make a speech to an audience, amongst whom was Mr. Pybus, the Minister of Transport, and Sir Malcolm made a very strong point of pressing for a tail-lamp on every cycle. There is, of course, nothing new in such a suggestion, because it was a matter of practical politics years ago when the red reflector was made obligatory. The average cyclist is just as decent a fellow as the average motorist and, like us all, is a human being who strongly resents any measures which are likely to interfere with his liberty. When it is suggested to him that he should carry a tail-lamp he naturally says no, and even rows of figures placed in front of his eyes telling him of the number of cyclists who are run over and killed annually because it was impossible to see them does not impress him in the slightest, because he, like everyone else, imagines that he is not like other men are. We motorists kicked as hard as we could when it was suggested that third-party insurance should become compulsory. Some wiseacres thought that at least 50 per cent. of the motorists of the country would sell their cars rather than be forced to do something which they thought was unnecessary. Others were of the opinion that premiums would be raised and so make motoring more expensive. But now we find that none of these dreadful happenings has come to pass, which makes it quite apparent that all the vivid pictures of the disasters on the road, the terrible expense, and the impossibility of producing a practical lamp to comply with the law would dissolve into thin air the moment tail-lights for cyclists became law.

A week or so ago I read a letter in one of our daily papers saying that this suggestion in the case of cyclists was idiotic until pedestrians were made to do likewise. How anyone can trot out such piffle and use it as a serious argument beats me, but it shows that there are quite a number of people in the country who never use the roads at all. The ideal state of affairs would be reached if every pedestrian and every animal carried a tail-lamp during the hours of darkness whilst they were on the highway, but it is obviously impractical, but that is no reason why, if it is practical in the case of cyclists, we should sit still and do nothing.

The writers of ridiculous letters, such as the one in question, often state that if every cycle were fitted with a red lamp behind, motorists would drive ever so much faster, and that would probably lead to additional accidents which in number would equal or outweigh the number prevented by the use of cycle tail-lamps. I would suggest that the writers of such letters should drive, or at least be a passenger in, a car on a foggy night. In such circumstances driving is a big enough strain without peering into the mist ahead to see if there is a cyclist in front. Another thing which must not be forgotten is that a very large proportion of the motor vehicles using the roads to-day are there for business purposes and not for pleasure. In business speed is important, and so long as we must compete with other nations, who are not always so foolish or so antiquated in their ideas as we are, we must do everything to speed up our transport without increasing the risk of accidents.

On the other hand we must not ask cyclists to carry out regulations which are quite impractical. Only the other day someone wrote to me and suggested in all seriousness that every cycle on the road should be painted pure white, so that it might be seen more readily after dark. The idea is probably quite sound, but it is obviously absurd to ask millions of people to repaint their machines, and I am sure that motorists would likewise strongly object to have their cars painted the same colour as their neighbours. After all there is only one effective practical suggestion and that is the fixing of a real tail-lamp on every cycle. The moment this is suggested we are told that no tail-lamp could ever be trusted to remain lighted on a cycle which is being pedalled along the road. I might agree that such an argument is sound at the moment when applied to the lamps in existence at the present time. A great many motorists can remember from personal experience how difficult it was to keep the tail-lamps alight on the early motor-cars, but that did not prevent the law from saying "You must," and before long accessory manufacturers rose to the occasion and produced a satisfactory article, and exactly the same thing would happen if cycle rear lights were compulsory.



A CHOICE OF STEEDS: Mr. Reg. Brown, owner of the racehorses Minerva and Saleve, alongside the latest Alvis, the new "Silver Eagle" Atlantic Saloon—his latest "mount"

I have previously remarked that the average cyclist is a reasonable being, and I am sure that if such a law were passed he would not grouse, any more than we motorists have in our turn, when various regulations were put into force, which we, at the time, thought irksome. The average cyclist also realizes that he is a very favoured individual when on the road. He pays no tax for his machine and enjoys very much better roads than he did before the War—provided for him to a great extent by the motoring community. The police are so busy watching us that they seldom have time to notice the cyclists riding three abreast on machines the reflectors of which are muddied or fitted so as to be useless. We do not complain so much of this treatment as we might, but like sportsmen we congratulate our confrères on their luck.

A. PERCY BRADLEY.

TOURISM: An Eccles caravan drawn by a Hillman saloon passing the Roman Triumphal Arch at Orange. Caravan holidays at home and abroad are becoming increasingly popular each season

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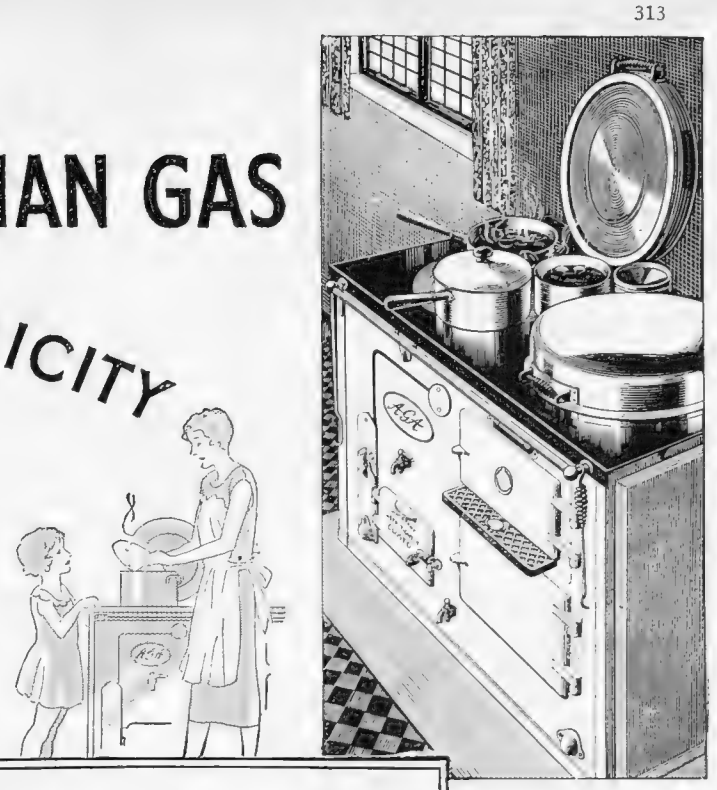

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BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 302)*

company. His first tilt was at the public schools. He declares his four years at Eton were a complete waste of time. He derides the "playing-the-game business." "Why, before I was twenty-one, the old men of Europe, with the wisdom of age, had killed ten millions; working-class men, without Public School training, had become Brigadier-Generals of the great British class-ridden army; boys of nineteen, running before they could walk, were commanding companies of soldiers in the hardest fighting the world had ever seen; and the British nation, 'playing the game' had broken its pledges to Armenia and Assyria, and changed two protectorates into Crown Colonies."

It is easy and juvenile to write like this. Yet it is impossible to read this book without liking its author, though passage after passage reveal an astonishing immaturity of thought despite his wide experience of men and events. He has a noble generosity towards Armenians, he has travelled with courage, endured imprisonment, flouted death. He finally disposes of the ridiculous story that he has quarelled with his father, to whom he pays a fine tribute. "I have been much abused; I shall go on being abused," he says, in conclusion. This is an unusual story of a young man's Odyssey. Its sincerity cannot be in doubt for a moment.

Mr. A. J. Cronin leapt into notice with his first novel, *Hatter's Castle*, which exhausted the adjectives of some of the critics. He does not repeat his success with *Three Lives* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.). That would be asking too much, but he does give us a long, circumstantial story of a woman's love for her son. She finally, after much tribulation, takes the veil, and in revolt against the indignities imposed upon her is cast forth into the world again. The story of her return, of her son's inadvertent failure to come to her aid, and of her final collapse in the streets of London, is told with a ruthless art that places Mr. Cronin among the unrepentant realists. I am constantly reminded of George Gissing by this book. It has the same obsession with the lives of hard-working, somewhat miserable people, the same ability to arouse pity for the victims of Fate, the same inexorable pursuit to the bitter end of a woman beaten by Life.

Mr. Geoffrey Dennis's novel *Sale by Auction* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is much ado about nothing. The book opens well enough. We meet Cecil Cass, the chemist's assistant, well-married, comfortably-settled, mean-souled. He is caught in the midst of a reluctant intrigue with his employer's wife, and goes home and cuts his throat. A dramatic opening, but after that the story runs thin, revolving around the sale of furniture at Cass's home, the gossip of a small town and the craftiness of a posturing auctioneer. This is not the kind of work I expect from Mr. Dennis, who is often spoken of with bated breath as the author of *Harvest in Poland*. The theme is too slight and the writing becomes precious. Mr. Dennis should know also that it is fatal to copy Dickens in making names fit characters. It is shattering to credibility to ask us to believe in a grand, D'Orsay-like auctioneer named Paradine de Lacey Fanshawe-Foyle; in a gossiping spinster called Prudence Euphemia Hyssop; in mean Mr. Smeanly; in snivelling Miss Snivall; in loud Miss Bang. And it looks suspiciously like padding when we are given three pages of the auctioneer's catalogue, and two pages of his posters. I shall try to forget that Mr. Dennis has written this fantasia for a tin whistle.

CHILDREN OF THE SCREEN

(Continued from p. 308)

the long climb up the slope of the Rainbow that is fabled to conceal the Crock of Gold. That was five years ago.

Once in the City of Stars a period of heart-break began, but Bernice Janney is not the heart-break sort. She registered his name and qualifications at the Central Casting Bureau, where all studios call for non-contract talent. Over twelve hundred children were registered there, each backed by relatives who would stop at nothing to get their own *protégés* selected.

Those who can afford to buy expensive photographs to send to directors, casting directors, or studio executives do so. Those who cannot afford it do the same! Exceptional children generally have managers to advance their case; Leon's manager was his mother.

Directors seeking any actors ask casting directors to call together all likely candidates. They come in a group, and one after another is given an opportunity to show his aptness for the work expected of him. After such an interview it may be days before the director makes his decision, then it often happens that another has the part. More interviews—more disappointments! Many give up the struggle through lack of money or courage. Mrs. Janney held on.

Leon for a time sold papers to help pay the rent of the furnished room where he and his mother lived, but all the while she was training him in diction—in stage presence—in a thousand things. She put him forward at every opportunity, that he might learn the art of holding and interesting an audience.

It was a curious twist of fate that, when courage had nearly failed them, Leon was given a big part opposite that fine actress, Belle Bennett, in a film called *Courage*. After that he played opposite George Arliss in *Old English*, and he now has a part after his own heart playing Penrod to the Sam of Junior Coghlan.

Kiddies love making films—to them it is all a great and glorious game, and how they enjoy it!

Youth is very precious, it never comes back, and the appeal of the child actors lies in the fact that they help grown-ups to forget the serious things of life, and to realize that there is a lot of happiness and pleasure in watching youngsters enjoy themselves on the screen.

PLAYS

(Continued from p. 303)

enthusiasts talking about her Mary Patterson in *The Anatomist*. She is a born tragedienne without any frills on in any sense of the word. In *Six Characters* she plays the step-daughter—a woman who finds herself in a ghastly situation, who loathes herself, mocks at herself, yet, strangely enough, does not pity herself. Utterly without affectation and relying on none of the more superficial assets, Miss Robson is now one of the most brilliant actresses we have; not the least clever thing about her is that she has the gumption not to rub in her cleverness too much. She does not let us hear the wheels go round.

The Pirandellian notion of characters in a theatre striving to represent a story of real life (and a nasty one at that) apart from the mind of the dramatist needs delicate handling. It might easily become ludicrous. At the Westminster Theatre it does not cease to hold the serious attention throughout, for all its drabness, its awkwardness, and its ceaseless harping on the *macabre*.

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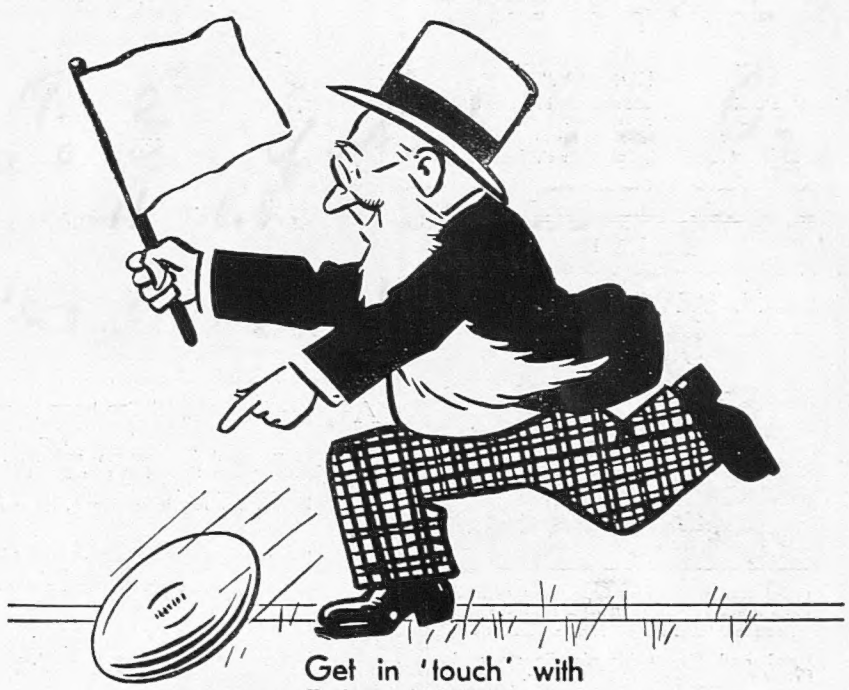

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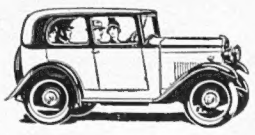

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NOTES AND NEWS

THE BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING

The term Blue Book holds inherent in it the connotation of an authoritative utterance—a fact of which Mr. Ely Culbertson took advantage when writing his famous treatise on Contract Bridge; and the phrase has never enjoyed a more apposite application than when used as a title to the 1932 catalogue issued by Messrs. Carter, the noted seed experts of Raynes Park.

In this compilation—whose index runs from Abol (a disinfectant) to Zinnias!—there is no phase of horticulture that is overlooked. Advice is clearly and concisely given under each plant as to the best method of cultivation, and the whole work is profusely illustrated, some of the colour reproductions being unusually attractive and remarkably accurate.

So successful has this catalogue proved that the first edition, together with a reprint of 20,000, was soon exhausted, and the present edition has been re-written and improved. Many head gardeners—including the King's at Sandringham—have ordered additional copies for distribution among their staff.

One notable feature of this excellent *vade mecum* is the list of annuals arranged according to colour, height, and period of blooming for the border; the low plants for the foreground, medium plants for the intermediate position, lofty plants for the back ground, and these are so arranged as to provide a continuity of similarly coloured flowers.

GOLD MELTED WHILE YOU WAIT

On the Shell-Mex and B.P. stand (No. 16 L. and M.) at the British Industries Fair, you can bring your samples of metal and have them dealt with under factory conditions, while you wait. This marvel of engineering skill is due to the fact that on this stand there are about a dozen ultra-modern and highly scientific metallurgical furnaces actually working and heated by fuel oil—the cheapest and most easily-controlled fuel for modern industry.

Many outstanding British engineering firms, whose names are household words, have lent their plant. There is an open flame, oil-fired furnace for non-ferrous metals from Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd. There is a tool-hardening furnace from Alldays and Onions of Birmingham, and many other similar furnaces.

With fuel oil, the modern fuel for industry, it is possible to get an accurately-controlled heat, which is essential in the metal industry.

Apart from the fact that fuel oil enables the metallurgist to control his heat within the narrow limits required, it is actually in practice the cheapest form of fuel per unit of output. At the present ruling prices the cost of the heat units is equivalent to approximately 2d. a therm.

THE INNOVATION OF DOULTON: The remarkable exhibition of Royal Doulton pottery was opened by Mr. L. S. Amery at Whiteley's, Bayswater. The ardent protectionist is seen above with Mrs. Amery and Mr. Gordon Selfridge at a table in the exhibition furnished with Doulton ware

A NOTABLE COMBINATION

Whilst the name of Doulton's has been synonymous with fine pottery and chinaware for more than a century in this country, and for many years has been held in similar esteem overseas, it is only recently that they have entered the field competitively against imported table china. It is the object of an exhibition of their products, now being held at Whiteley's, to demonstrate Doulton's success in this new sphere of activity.

It is not only on price levels that Doulton's have been able to meet imported goods on equal terms. Their artists and designers have succeeded in producing a range of patterns in all kinds of tableware which are in every way outstanding and in keeping with the fine traditions of the famous house. The examples shown in this exhibition are at least the equal in this respect of anything manufactured abroad, and yet so reasonably priced that beautiful tableware is well within the limits of most purses. Not only is this a considerable achievement for British industry, but the widening of the scope whereby all and sundry may use and enjoy beautiful things is in the nature of an important social service.

To bring about this result has entailed considerable courage in the matter of capital expenditure upon factory equipment, as well as a high degree of technical skill in production and artistic merit in design. Electrically-heated and operated ovens, several hundred feet in length, are now used for the firing process, so capable of fine adjustment and provided with safeguards that a uniform high quality, hitherto unobtainable except at considerable labour and expense, is ensured with every piece. This plant is unique in this country. Electric magnets are employed to remove any undesirable matter from the raw material before it is transferred to electrically-operated potter's wheels.

In these rather trying days it is refreshing to see two houses of such long standing and high reputation in the business world as Whiteley's and Doulton's co-operating to make these beautiful and inexpensive productions better known.

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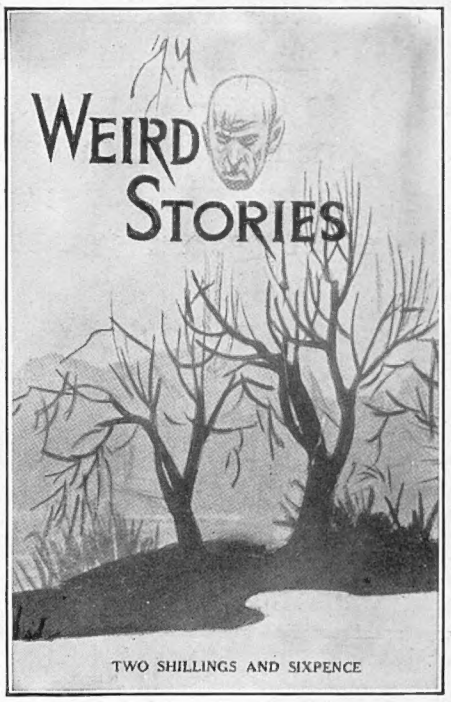

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